

COUNTRY LIFE

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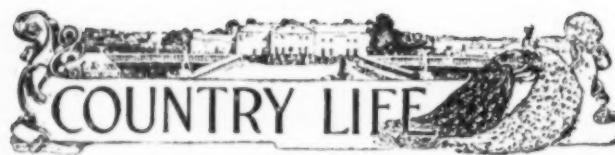
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LADY BEATRICE PRETYMAN.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

Vols. VI., VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., XII., XIII., XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., XXI., XXII., and XXIII. of COUNTRY LIFE are now ready, and can be obtained on application to the Publisher. Price, bound in green half-morocco, 25s. per volume, or 21s. in green cloth, gilt edges. Vols. I., II., III., IV., and V. are out of print. All cheques should be made payable to the Proprietors, COUNTRY LIFE.

THE ABUSES OF PUBLIC ADVERTISING.

FROM the hon. secretary of the Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising we have received a memorandum as to the framing of bye-laws for the carrying out of the objects of that body. And these objects are such as should command very general sympathy. No characteristic of Englishmen is more pronounced than their love of the country; and, even when they are dwelling in towns, they like the sights which meet their eyes to be as close an approximation as possible to those which surround a country mansion. That is one reason why public parks and gardens are so popular, why ponds and other patches of water are so zealously preserved in the midst of cities, and why the Thames Embankment, where river scenery of a unique kind is always presented to the view, forms such a favourite drive or promenade. But for some years past, both town and country have been disfigured by ugly advertisements which in many cases have been copied from those of the United States. Those who would urge reform in this matter are placed in a difficult position. The rough common-sense of the country declares that business must be carried on. It is the first duty of a man to earn his daily bread, and as long as he does so honestly, there is a great reluctance to interfere with his proceedings. It would be very much resented if bye-laws were adopted which laid an embargo on the right of publicity. Macaulay, in a well-known passage, has called advertising the steam of business. Without it the work of the majority could not be carried on. Therefore, in all steps taken it ought to be a prime consideration that no interference is to be allowed with the legitimate pursuit of business. But it is agreed on all sides that there must be a limit, and, as a matter of fact, the annoyance caused by some of the advertisements must check, rather than aid, the sale of the goods thus blatantly put forward. The Act of 1907 left the matter in the hands of the local authorities, and this, on the whole, was a good arrangement. It may be said that these authorities are not, in every case, trained in the principles of aesthetics, and it would not be surprising to find that they showed

a reluctance to go as far as the before-mentioned society, for instance, would like; but, on the other hand, they are mostly themselves engaged in the practical work of business, and are thus able to take into full consideration the claims that are brought before them. Undoubtedly, in a few cases, it would be possible to point to local authorities whose indifference to the beauty and history of the town of which they have temporary charge is very pronounced indeed. We have from time to time given examples in these columns of town councils and other public bodies who allowed the most treasured possessions of the country to be seriously injured. The case of the Edwardian walls at Berwick-on-Tweed will occur to everybody. Here, in a remote country town, where there is an abundance of land, it was proposed to pull down the ancient walls in order to erect a number of cottages that could easily have been built in an adjoining field.

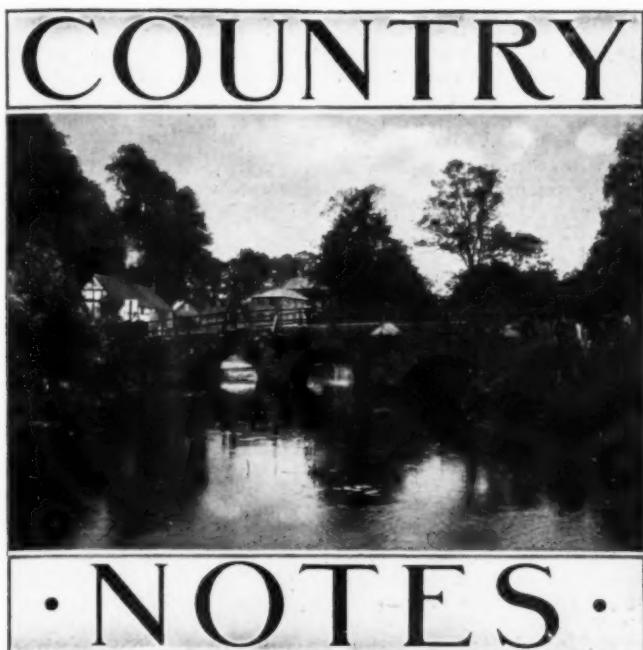
We are glad to think, however, that this was an exception. As a rule the local authorities take a reasonable view of their responsibilities. They err chiefly when a false idea of what constitutes the attraction of their town is allowed to prevail. The pine woods at Bournemouth, for example, have always formed the principal charm of that watering-place, and are still a pleasure to numerous visitors, so that, when they are cut down to make way for tenements, the operation may very reasonably be likened to killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. Then, again, at Malvern — what takes people to that neighbourhood is the exquisite nature of the scenery, and the defeat, about a year ago, of the proposal to deface and spoil it was the greatest service that could be rendered. Malvern is extremely unlikely at any time to become the resort of the ordinary tripper, and if the tradesmen, in their eagerness, seek to cater especially for him, they will inevitably drive away those visitors who are at present attracted by its natural beauties.

The defacement of the country by means of advertisements is a very sore subject with a considerable number of people. They have definite ground for complaint when, on being desirous to see the exquisite mountain and valley scenery through which the railway train travels, they find their eyes assailed at every turn by hoardings setting forth the virtues of patent pills or cheap tea. But to decide with certainty what amount of advertising is going to "affect injuriously the amenities of a public park or pleasure promenade," or to "disfigure the natural beauty of a landscape" is a delicate and difficult question to which there is no mathematical reply. The society very sensibly suggests that each case should be judged on its own merits. An advertisement which might be tolerable in one position may be an absolute outrage in another. There are many things that have to be decided by common-sense. For instance, the noise of some street organ may be a nuisance, or it may not be, and to what extent it is objectionable must be left to the decision of those who understand the circumstances. So, again, the shouting on a vehicle which passes through a village might be the harmless elation of good spirits, or it might be a very offensive display. Here, again, circumstances must decide the degree of the offence. It is interesting to note that the Borough Council of Wimbledon were the first to draw up a draft of model bye-laws, and those who are dealing with the question might take the regulations there set down as hints from which an improvement might be effected. They are, on the whole, very good bye-laws especially in regard to the regulation of hoardings over 12ft. The Borough Council insists that plans must be deposited and approved before such a hoarding is constructed, and that the material must be satisfactory and the hoarding secure. No condition is made as to the neatness of design, but the proposed regulations require that the owner's name must be in a conspicuous position on the front. No advertisement is to be displayed which is of an indecent or repulsive nature, or representative of any crime or horrible occurrence. These are the principal provisions, with the addition of some necessary regulations as to position. Another section of the bye-laws is devoted to advertisements affecting injuriously the public parks or promenades or disfiguring any beauty of landscape. The whole question of public advertising deserves the attention not only of municipal authorities, but of all citizens, and a society for checking its abuses, such as the one alluded to, deserves wide support.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Beatrice Pretyman. Lady Beatrice is the daughter of the Earl of Bradford, and her marriage to Captain Ernest George Pretyman of Orwell Park, Ipswich, and Riby Grove, Grimsby, took place in 1894.

** It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES.

AN outcry has been raised within the last week in regard to certain alleged deficiencies in our system of rural education, and, as usual, the suggestion is made that the subject should be enquired into by a Departmental Committee of the Board of Education. Many people seem to regard this as a kind of universal panacea for all sorts of evils; but those who are practically engaged in the work of agriculture have reason to be sceptical of the results of school teaching. In the first place, the teachers themselves are, as a rule, insufficiently prepared for the task. The cultivation of the soil has not been part of their business, and even when they have been brought up in the country, the cause of their taking to teaching as a profession has usually been that they dislike husbandry. Lessons learned by rote in a college and repeated in a school have not been proved by experience to be of much practical value. Thousands of lectures delivered on dairying, for example, produced no result worth mentioning. It is for this reason that those who employ rural labour are so often in favour of either the half-time system or the continuation school. There is no reason why the boys, after they reach the age of twelve or thirteen years, should not work on the farm for a short day and perfect their schooling at night. They would, in that way, receive theory and practice at the same time.

However much we may sympathise with the object of the Importation of Plumage Bill, it is impossible to deny that the traders have a strong case against it. The business in which they are engaged is a considerable one, giving employ to over 5,000 people, and the imports amount to between £700,000 and £800,000 annually. London at present is the centre of the feather trade. If the measure were to become law, the contention of the traders is that not only would this business be lost to the country, but that other kinds of millinery would naturally follow it. The objection they raise is that the abstention of a single country from the use of these feathers would have no effect upon the birds themselves, and that the only way to proceed is by getting other countries to join with us before we pass the Bill. Lord Avebury's reply is by no means satisfactory. He points out that several countries have already legislated on the subject; but those he mentions are the United States, India and Australia; that is to say, the countries that do not enter into competition with London. What should be done before the Bill passes is to secure the co-operation of France, Germany and other Continental countries. To do so would not only safeguard the interests of the British dealer, but would help to make the work of the Bill more effective.

We all agree about the desirability of saving beautiful birds of every kind from extermination, but it would be of little use for English business men to sacrifice their interests for this sentiment unless they are assured that the measures they adopt will be effective; and we cannot see how the desired result can possibly be attained unless London is joined by Continental centres for the purchase and distribution of feathers. Until this is achieved, Lord Avebury and his friends would be well advised to direct their zeal towards the education of the English lady. When she understands how barbarous it is to wear these plumes in her headgear, there will be no necessity for legislation.

Among popular delusions which the better-informed papers are constantly busying themselves to correct is the wholly erroneous idea that all birds and other animals of prey are constantly and progressively on the decrease all over our islands. The wild cat has been the innocent occasion of some recent correspondence in one of the Scottish papers, some of the writers affirming with much confidence that it is extinct. As a matter of fact, the probability is that the wild cat is slightly on the increase, because it has extended its recent boundary in Scotland a little further east. The golden eagle is another of the creatures of prey which is commonly thought to be vanishing, but is really in such good case that it has to be kept rather severely in check on some deer forests, where it makes a prey of too many of the shepherd's lambs. Probably the pine-marten is not quite holding its own, because the area of woodland does not tend to grow larger. All round the coast the peregrine would seem to be rather on the increase. Certainly on the whole a slight increase in these raptorial animals has been the rule, rather than any decrease, during the last few years, though, of course, if the survey is carried far back there is, on the contrary, a very distinct decrease.

There is no doubt that one of the characteristics of a very curious year has been the unusually late nesting of some birds of many different species. We hear of bullfinches laying as late as August, and thrushes and yellow-hammers laying in September; and some of the woodcock which nest with us in increasing numbers have been behind their usual date in carrying this essential business to a conclusion. We know that many of the game-birds, which are more closely watched than most other kinds, suffered the loss of their first broods in the severe cold and wet of a certain period of the spring. There is no reason to think that finches or buntings or the snipe tribe would be likely to escape the influences which brought disaster to the grouse and partridge, and there is equally little reason to doubt that some of the parents would naturally begin nesting again after their loss. Still, this does not altogether explain the extreme lateness of nesting of some few pairs of various species. It would much more readily account for a certain but not extreme tardiness of the majority of a kind.

ON A SUNDIAL.
Sunshine and shade:
So the day's made!
Good-byes
Always.
Shadow and sun:
So the day's done!
Time flies—
Love stays.

ANGELA GORDON.

A correspondent writes interestingly about the remarkable disappearance of wasps in the North of Scotland, which, as he maintains, is not to be explained, like the absence of the wasps in the South, by the weather conditions of the year. He says, writing from Dornoch: "I never remember such a season as this for queen wasps, and up here they were in evidence till about the 14th of August. Then, suddenly, without any apparent reason, they disappeared. We had no rain, except during one afternoon and one night in July and one wet afternoon early in August. A couple of cool days succeeded the 12th, but after that it was bright and dry right up to the 25th of August." The first sentiment of a Southern reader will naturally be one of envy of the climatic conditions of Dornoch, but the second must certainly be one of sympathy with the perplexity of the writer over the vanishing of the wasps.

The change in the colour of the bracken, speaking, at least, of the fern on some of our Southern commons and heaths, has not accomplished itself this autumn in the usual dramatic and glowing manner. That more usual and splendid manner is for the whole of the bracken-clad country, which before was green, to turn golden, in a single night, at the first touch of a keen frost. Then one wakes to look out on a world which seems to have been changed to a field of cloth of gold. But this year, even without any really sharp frost of a night, the bracken has taken on a kind of brown hue, as if the rain had washed and the wind had tormented all the splendour out of it. And this, probably, is exactly what has happened. It is bruised, soaked and perished. It is likely that after a while it will settle down to the russet colour which is its usual winter wear; but for the three or four passing days of the golden aspect in which we generally find it, we shall look in vain this autumn.

It happened to the writer of this note to go down from London to the Midlands in the first week of August of this year and to repeat the journey in the first week of the following month. It was very singular and rather melancholy to see how

very nearly at a standstill harvesting operations had been in the meantime. Perhaps there were not quite so many fields of uncut corn, though there was not wanting the far more lamentable spectacle of fields of corn that should be standing levelled flat, and probably altogether spoilt by the wind and rain. Of course, the harvesting operations in the beginning of August were very forward indeed, some land being already quite cleared, and the corn was ripe enough to be saved at that date in the majority of the fields. What was not ripe for the occasion, in spite of all the lack of employment which we hear of, and which, no doubt, actually exists, was the labour to deal with so much at the same moment; and unfortunately this is an essential element of the case which man seems scarcely more able to control than he can the weather itself.

Among those philanthropically interested in promoting the improvement of the goat stock of this country, much disappointment is felt at the fact that the prevalence of foot and mouth disease in Switzerland, where goats are specifically mentioned as among the animals attacked, prevents the Board of Agriculture from redeeming its promise to permit the importation of some good milking goats and first-rate sires for breeding purposes. The committee of the Goat Society specially desired to import Toggenburgs, and must therefore wait till Switzerland has again a clean bill of health. In Holland, it appears from a Dutch paper before us, goat-lovers have been arranging for the importation of Saanen goats from the province of Rheinhessen. The animals were to be obtained this month, and were expected to cost Dutch buyers no more than £3 15s., including carriage. The animals were to be bought chiefly at a goat market at Alzey. Saanen goats are not much known in this country; but Mr. H. E. Hughes, an interview with whom was published the other week in these columns, has some half-bred ones, as the photographs which were reproduced show.

In a letter which Mr. Richardson Evans wrote to *The Times* the other day there was a passage which was so fine in sentiment and also so well expressed that we cannot refuse to ourselves the pleasure of transcribing it. "It may require the slow labour of generations to secure the general adoption of better forms in domestic architecture. But, meanwhile, I would ask sensitive souls to remember that all over England there exist still villages in which the types of fine and simple construction abound, in which the gentle hand of time has clothed the whole with quiet beauty." This leaves very little to be said. If only those who have in hand the development of new centres of population would go to what is fine and old in our English towns and villages for models, future generations would have cause to call them blessed. For there is reason to complain not only that we fail in taking pains to preserve what is lovely and beautiful in the old, but that we are day by day creating what is ugly in the new.

Oxford has gathered together this year a Congress of an unprecedented kind, its object being to study the History of Religions. Men of all languages and all creeds have gathered together to take part in the proceedings. As Dr. Herbert Warren pointed out, the subject had been started in Oxford half a century ago, and Jowett was engaged in writing on the various religions of the world when he died. Among the papers read at the opening meeting one of the most interesting was that by Dr. J. G. Frazer on Hebrew folk-lore. It contained, among other things, a dissertation as amusing as it was instructive on the "silent widows" of the world. He pointed out that in North-West America, Madagascar and Australia it is the custom for widows to keep silence, and in various ways to make themselves hideous for periods of mourning, with the object of eliciting and disgusting the ghosts of their dead husbands.

A writer of wide attainments and great accuracy has been lost to us in Professor Churton Collins, whose death, under circumstances of great sadness, has just taken place. His name will be enrolled among that large number of literary men, like Richard Jefferies, Robert Louis Stevenson and J. Addington Symonds—to take a few comparatively recent examples—who performed their work under the strain of severe physical suffering. At the time of his death, Mr. Churton Collins was Professor of English Literature at the Birmingham University, and the performance of his duties seems to have been made possible only by the habitual use of sedatives. He was not a very old man, having been born at Bourton-on-the-Water in 1848, but few lives can show a greater harvest of work. As literary journalist, as lecturer and as Professor, his hours were full. Yet he found time for the hobby of investigating mysterious crimes. Perhaps his greatest distinction, however, was as a Shakespeare scholar. He edited an edition of the great poet, and frequently took part in the controversies that arose about him.

Dr. Johnson, whose birthday was celebrated on Friday, was a Londoner of Londoners. Country life bored him to positive

melancholy. Socially, intellectually, economically he found that London held the advantage. "No wise man," he said, "will go to live in the country unless he has something to do which he can do better in the country." For instance, "if a man must shut himself up for a year to study a science, it is better to look out to the fields than to an opposite wall." In the country a man might feast his body, not his mind, and his very faculties—such was the Johnsonian dictum anticipating some modern official reports—were apt to degenerate from want of exercise and competition. In his opinion "no place could a man's vanity and arrogance so well as London."

It is now evident that the season 1908 will be one to be avoided by the lover of champagne. Very bad reports have come from the champagne districts, mildew and other diseases having played havoc with the grapes. It is much to be regretted for the sake of the small growers, who for several years past have been gradually sinking into difficulties. In recent reports of hotel and catering companies in Great Britain, as well as in the Budget speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, reference has been made to the lessening consumption of sparkling wines in this country. At officers' messes, for example, mineral waters are largely taking the place of more stimulating beverages, and many of those who are not teetotal in their habits now substitute whisky and soda, or its equivalent, for the champagne they used to drink. Another thing which injures the growers is the fact that a great deal of cheaper wine is exported labelled "champagne," which does not come from the champagne district at all. Quantities of this alien wine are being imported into the champagne country this year to be turned into champagne, and in consequence the feeling is running very high and disturbances are to be feared. It is to be hoped that the result will be legislation, similar to that which protected the makers of Cognac brandy a few years ago, to prevent the description "champagne" being applied to any but the genuine article.

ON THE MOOR.

When the leaves are falling, hear the moorland calling,
Deep it lies in purple, a mantle for a queen;
And it's oh! the heather, and the clear grey weather,
And the brown that's dearer than the green!
Crowns for kings' wearin', gems for all men's sharing,
Rubies from the rowan-trees, diadems of dew,
Thorny gorse for golden thrones, tapestries of brown fir-cones.
Gifts of price were these from winds that blew.
Couched amid the bracken, see the wide sky blacken,
All the blue of all the hours changed to sullen grey;
Bitter blasts and biting showers dash the petals from the flowers
In the cottage gardens far away.
Flocks on flocks of plover skim the moorland over,
Curlew pipes to curlew, lone the blackcock flies.
Dwellers on the riven hills, free as God Almighty wills,
Creatures of His earth and of His skies.
When the leaves are falling, hear the moorland calling,
And the heart gives answer, Ay the green is dear;
But it's oh! the heather, and the clear grey weather,
And the red and brown and gold that crown the year!

B. M. DANBY.

The official Memorandum on the Labour Market prepared by the Board of Trade, for August, is one of the most depressing issued during the past decade. It shows that the percentage of unemployed in those Trade Unions whose returns form a basis for the conclusions drawn, was in August 8·9 per cent.; that is to say, more than twice what it was at the end of August, 1907, and greater than it was at the end of July, 1908. These figures will cause the various schemes for relieving the unemployed to be vigilantly scanned. These are found in a substitution of a reformed fiscal policy for free trade; secondly, in small holdings and the Poor Law; thirdly, in the provision by the State of work for the unemployed. Unless a welcome change in the industrial outlook takes place, it will be necessary to weigh these propositions very carefully. They are the suggestions of three different parties in the State.

Poaching has reached such a condition in Epping Forest that an association has been formed for the purpose of checking it. The members consist of householders whose dwellings look out on the historic woodland. Time out of mind the illicit capture of game has gone on within its glades. "Black sausages," which, being interpreted, means sausages made of deer's meat, used to be easily procurable at Epping, and near that little town cottage may yet be seen which have a pit in front of the fireplace where it was customary to secrete the stolen deer. And deer did not form the only object of chase. The humble rabbit, which has greatly multiplied in the thickets and brakes, was more easily taken. Hares also may often be seen in the more secluded rides. At nightfall, pheasants with their calls inform the world where they are going to roost. Among other birds that the poacher takes are wild duck and wood-pigeon.

SQUALLS.

FIIFTY years or more Uncle Jake has been knocking about in little boats, and he declares at least once a week, "'Tis better any day to row wi' two oars than to sail wi' two reefs. There ain't never no dependence to be placed in they squally winds. *I* knows 'em!" He knows them because, for all his good advice, he sails in them so often. The twenty-mile stretch of coast where he picks his periwinkles, catches his prawns, fishes for mackerel and herring and plays with the sea-birds is nothing if not squally. Salterport lies at the end of the largest of several deep combes that run southward, through hog-backed Devon hills, to the sea. On either side the great red cliffs, splashed and topped with green, rise steeply to 500ft., then dip to sea-level, then rise again. Down the combes, which narrow as they approach the sea, the northerly wind gathers force. From the gaps in the cliffs it springs. There is something cat-like in its malice, in its agility, in its very repose between successive puffs. Aptly does Uncle Jake speak of its blowing out "spiteish" from the land. The fishermen try in the summer to make up for bad seasons by hiring their boats and themselves to visitors, and this is the

sort of thing that frequently happens: The day is brilliantly sunny, the sea calm; or, at all events, there is no lop or swell. Some swift dark patches on the water do but throw into relief its sparkle elsewhere. Close along shore there is hardly a ripple, only breathings upon the surface; further out the wavelets are tipped with white; the offing looks frothy (or is it sunshine?), and the skyline is curiously saw-edged. Anyone who troubles to glance overhead can see that the lofty white clouds are ragged and are driving rapidly to sea. Few, if any, boats are out. On such a day a gentleman and two ladies, perhaps, will stroll along the beach. They want an experienced and, of course, a picturesque man, so they approach a couple of old fishermen and speak to the one who pretends the better to a profound respectfulness. "Boatman, can you take us out for a sail? Is there wind enough? Eh?"

"Well, sir, 'tisn't much of a time, sir."

"Why not?"

"I wouldn't go if I was you, sir."

"But why?"

"Cause 'tisn't fit, sir."

"Why isn't it fit?"

"You'll get wet, sir."

The ladies look down their clothes. The gentleman assumes the air of an Army officer. "Oh, we don't mind wet! Besides, the sea is calm."

"Iss, sir, so 'tis in here; but 'tisn't fit, I do assure you."

"Why isn't it fit? Don't you want a job, my man? Rather lounge about here? Eh? Why isn't it 'fit,' as you call it?"

"Why, bother the man!" the less respectful fisherman bursts out. "An't he told 'ee for why? Why, 'cause 'tisn't fit! That's for why! How many more times do 'ee want telling the reason why? 'Cause 'tisn't fit!"

"Better go along 't other end o' the beach, sir," says the first fisherman. "I'aps they'll take 'ee out therefrom. *I* shan't." And when the party has moved nearly out of earshot, he remarks: "Fair southerly wind an' they sort o' people don't come near 'ee. They says 'tis rough then. An' when 'tis squally, fit to blow 'ee out o' the water, then they're mazed to go to sea."

It is not good to have landsmen aboard a small open boat in squally weather. They shift about so slowly; they seem to be all legs, and appreciate neither the urgency of a squall, nor, when wet and alarmed, the stiffness of a well-handled craft. But for a crew that knows its boat and knows the coast, a wind that is squally (within limits) is the finest sporting wind of all. Books on boat-sailing usually say, in effect, if not in so many words: "Keep a sharp look-out to windward for squalls. They are indicated by a blackening of the water. When the squall strikes, luff up. If the squall is strong, ease the sheet as well. And if the squall is both strong and long, haul down and shorten sail."

Uncle Jake's directions are more precise. "If 'tis only cat's paws," he says, "you can often dodge 'em. But if the puffs comes black on the water, you look to your tiller and luff up; and when you sees 'em coming green, jest you keep



E. W. Taylor.

UNDER WEIGH.

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the sheet in your hand and luff up and ease the sheet off too; and if they rushes upon 'ee white and roaring, all of a bubble and froth, then you let fly the sheet and reef down snugger, or haul down and take to your oars, and get in out o' it so quick as you can. Don't you play wi' them shiny harum-scarum jokers. My senses! don't you get taken aback by one o' them!"

Luffing up—luring boat, and the sail with it, more nearly into line with the wind, so that the lateral, capsizing pressure of the wind is reduced—involves steering out of the course. Easing the sheet does not, for then only the sail is slackened into line with the wind. Either method, or both, can be used in a boat with one lugsail or a lug and mizzen. Fishermen, who like to keep a hand free and therefore make fast the sheet, become marvellously clever at gauging beforehand the strength of a squall and luffing up to it just sufficiently. Seldom do they lose way on the boat or drop over on the other tack. "Touch her up through" is an expression of theirs for beating to windward through squalls, and no phrase could hit off better the delicacy of the operation, as they do it, and their sensitive handling of the tiller. They usually mistrust working the sheet as a means of standing up to puffs; they leave it fast, letting it fly on emergency; but working the sheet, carefully done with gear that runs free, is as safe and quite as speedy as luffing. A very sporting race can be sailed over a squally course by two boats, one of which agrees to luff up to squalls, leaving the sheet fast, and the other to "saw" its sheet and hold the course. In few places, however, do squalls blow true enough for such a match. They are as various as the clouds and almost as beautiful. They are clouds indeed—water-clouds owing their forms to the wind as the clouds in the sky do.

Near Salterport there is a tall promontory, High Down by name, where the highest of the cliffs bulges out into the sea and ends abruptly. East of it is a gap called the Windgate. On the west the cliff slopes gently downwards. High Down stands in the path of winds escaping from the hills. Air-eddies rush around it in all directions, so much so that, rowing beneath it with the wind northerly, it is sometimes hardly possible to make way against easterly puffs, and in sailing there with the wind north-east the boat may have to be put round to meet a south-westerly squall. When the wind is strong north-west, the Windgate squall, which is regular and powerful, stretches in a broad bluish green line for a couple of miles south-east to sea. At the base of the cliff and in the little bays on either side, purple cat's-paws flit fanwise on the still water, curve about, dodge the rocks—like one-winged butterflies—and disappear as suddenly as they came. They seem to be formed by bundles of wind, as it were, dropping from a height upon the sea. Puffs too long and strong to retain the cat's-paw shape strike water further from the cliff; they are commonly a purple black where the wind presses most, and behind and in front a slightly opalescent green, as if a few gallons of milk had been spilt into the green water. Sometimes—for reasons connected, no doubt, with the angle of the wind's impact—the colouring is reversed, and only the edges of the squall are purple. Like that are the aforesaid shiny harum-scarum jokers that follow a boat round and catch it

aback. Puffs still stronger proceed straight out to sea and make it feather white, or raise wonderful streaks of foam, like lace without any cross stitches. Whether the streaks diverge, or appear to converge—and they do both—also depends probably on the angle between wind and water. A little out from High Down is a spot called the Doldrums, the exact position of which varies with the wind. Squalls dart around it, but do not often break into its calm. Fishermen go a mile to sea in order to avoid the place, because it must be crossed with the help of oars, and because on emerging from it one never knows on which side the first squall is coming. High Down is bad to pass; I have seen a boat beneath it let the sheet fly six times and haul down twice; but it is there that squalls are at their loveliest. Watched from the top of the cliff, they are the winds' playfulness made visible. For men in a boat they are the winds' caprice, and at night the winds' devilry, only half visible—spiteful, tormenting and uncanny.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD has never written anything more poignant or tender than are some of the scenes in her new work, *Diana Mallory* (Smith, Elder). Here she has pictured her own ideal woman with an insight, imagination and sympathy for which it is not easy to find a parallel. And these noble qualities have been well seconded by invention, a humbler but very necessary part of the novelist's equipment. Her long experience of plots has enabled her to treat them with a precision leaving nothing to be desired. Hers is now no 'prentice hand. We know of scarcely any other book containing an equal number of critical situations; and yet they are not forced, but arise so spontaneously that it is difficult for us to realise how carefully Mrs. Humphry Ward must have considered them before putting them on paper. But to use a sporting simile, she is "on the spot every time"; in the early part of the book, at least, not an incident, scarcely a word, is thrown away. She reminds us of a skilled workman, every successive blow of whose hammer tells on his material. The heroine is taken through a variety of incidents that would have been harrowing and sensational under less skilful treatment, but here fulfil Arnold's dictum that the function of poetry is "to solace and sustain." Yet in the book Mrs. Ward's literary faults are as obvious as her virtues. She is still under the dominion of an old convention. The modern spirit would have written *finis* on page 297. Here the girl's act of renunciation is complete, and the weakness of Oliver's character fully laid bare. Whether the book ends or not, it has come to an end, and two human beings, after having come into tragic contact, depart on their several ways: the woman, though seared, yet strong in her wretchedness; the man doomed by failure at the crucial test to go from bad to worse. But such an ending would not meet the old requirements. The man's selfish heart has to be changed, the girl's faith and virtue to be rewarded, and therefore the novelist has to spur her steed onward to the extent of another 200 pages, devoted to a description of the unreal and



C. E. Wanless.

FOAM LIKE LACE.

Copyright.



SAFE FROM STORM.

impossible; unreal because in natural life things do not happen so; impossible because the Ethiopian doth not change his skin nor the leopard his spots. Oliver Darsham, intentionally on his inventor's part or not, is a very poor character. His sense of honour is not, to say the least of it, fine or scrupulous. Morally, he has no fibre or self-dependence, thinks it impossible to begin a career on £1,000 a year and his wife's income, which would be all he got if marrying without his mother's sanction, and resembles in many respects "the poor cat i' the adage." After six months of Parliamentary experience, after being jilted by Alicia, after being reduced to death's door by illness resulting from an accident, he was still the same inferior creature as before, and could not have enjoyed the respect of the trained intellect and fine morality of Diana Mallory. No doubt love has been known to surmount moral repugnance, treachery and ill-faith; but that probably occurs only when it rests on a basis of physical attraction. Even "the nut-brown mayde," whom we have always considered the type of unreasoning faith, would not have longed for the greenwood with a hero who weighed her against money and was as untrue to his oldest friend as to her. In a word, Mrs. Humphry Ward exaggerates the domination of sex till it becomes a colossal absurdity. Further, although the domain of will has no limits, so that men and women by their own resolution have come out of the fire of experience like gold twice refined, these rare changes are not effected in the intervals of a busy Parliamentary season. The sudden change of character by which the villain was, by a look or a word, transformed into a saint is a device forbidden to the great artist who would paint nature and humanity as they are. The chief weakness of the book lies in its straggling plot, and a broken-backed plot is invariably the mother of irrelevance. It is noteworthy, but not unnatural, that this irrelevance should not be very noticeable till after the point we have described as the climax. What remains is perilously near being anti-climax. The setting of the story is characteristic of the author; Mrs. Humphry Ward's mind

is an echoing-chamber for the questions of the day, and her pretty love-tune rises like a clear flute note from a Babel of Parliamentary noises. Possibly it may be considered by many as a *roman à clef*. When a writer makes her *dramatis personae* play parts so public as Prime Minister, Leader of the Opposition, Home Secretary and so forth, she is tempting identification. Thus Mr. Ferrier appears to be a kind of composite photograph taken from Sir William Harcourt and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Sir James Chide resembles in some particulars the late Sir Charles Russell, and several of the peeresses and other ladies have points in common with characters of to-day and yesterday. Very little sympathy need be felt for such guesswork. As a rule, "the true story" is grossly untrue and the literary portrait false, for it is the business of the artist to be true to life as a whole and not subservient to any particular facts. In the long run, it matters not a jot whether "all came out of the carver's brain" or whether a living character was utilised. Sir John Falstaff, as we know him in the company of Poins and Prince Hal and Dame Quickly, would be neither better nor worse through having been suggested by a Sir John Fastolf who actually lived. Politicians and other people die, questions of the hour pass like autumn leaves, and it is when they are all out of the way and topical allusions have ceased to be topical that the vitality of a character can be gauged. It is, however, chiefly as a moral teacher that Mrs. Humphry Ward has to be judged, and as a moralist she deserves unstinted praise. Her book is a lesson in fortitude. The sufferings inflicted are of the spirit, not of the body. It is true that Oliver's distress is due to a physical accident, but his case does not count. What shall be done with the "secret woes the world hath never known"? How are wounded pride and wounded honour to be relieved? How is wounded love to be healed? It is an answer to these questions that Mrs. Humphry Ward attempts. Her recipe is the ancient expedient, to substitute an inner for an outer life, thus going back unconsciously to "the voices, the ages, the sages." Peace comes from within, not from without. It was the message of Marcus Aurelius as well as of Him who said "The Kingdom of God is within you." And the Socialist parson gives the same thought another turn when he quotes to the distressed girl, as though by inspiration, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." And the rational

meaning of "comforted" would appear to be that in time a victorious peace is reached from which the soul can look out on all the world's strivings and worries and not be frightened or dismayed. From this citadel looked out in security early Christian martyr and Pagan philosopher. It was the way Diana's father had trodden and she herself had started and would have pursued save for the novelist's wish to make a happy ending. The minor characters of the story are drawn skilfully and cleverly, though not with genius. At times we are tempted to cry aloud for Jane Austen's sense of humour. How imitable could that caustic pen have made such a figure as that of Lady Niton with her queer white face and black eyes alive with malice. Sir James Chide and Mr. Ferrier are well drawn, but they suggest the benevolent uncles of convention. Miss Alicia Drake is one of the most living characters in the book, and her portrait shows how mercilessly one clever woman can expose the foibles and weaknesses of another.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON.

ASINGULARLY interesting exhibition of American pictorial photography is at present open to the public at the Gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours in Pall Mall East. A sprinkling of British works are among the collection, but no unbiased judge will deny that in inventive brilliancy, if not in truthfulness and technique, they are cast into the shade by the pictures from photographers across the Atlantic. The association known as the "Linked Ring" have this season offered the hospitality of their exhibition walls primarily to their American members, and Londoners are in consequence given an opportunity, for the first time within recent years, of viewing a practically representative selection of the most impressionistic photography at present being produced. Impressionism in photography is still a novel, and perhaps a somewhat repellent, idea to many,

and it is questionable whether the verdict of the public visiting this exhibition will be a favourable one. There seems to be a tendency among the American photographers to take themselves too seriously—to insist, as it were, on writing the word art with a capital A, a weakness which the majority of British amateur have hitherto been modest enough or timid enough to avoid. We have no intention of trying to revive that stale controversy, "Is photography an art?" The answer to this rather foolish question so obviously depends on the photography alluded to that "no" and "yes" may be equally right. But here, in the sixteenth annual exhibition of the Photographic Salon, we feel that we are invited to pass an opinion not on artistic photography as a whole, but on one school of artistic photography. It is an interesting school, a vigorous and imposing school, but to the British critic a quite peculiarly limited one. In an effort to throw off the trammels of conventionality it has laid down for itself rules more inflexible than those it has escaped. To insist on photographing unusual subjects in an unusual way is to be a most as closely chained as are the humdrum "snap-shooters" who never leave the beaten track at all. We believe that this exhibition will, nevertheless, act as a stimulus to British pictorial photographers, who, it is to be hoped, will catch some of the American virility and independence while eschewing the weaker trans-Atlantic mannerisms. The American photographers, in their eagerness to become "advanced," have fallen into the typical pitfall of the art school of student; they have begun to neglect Nature and to forget that the study of Nature is the basis of sound art. That photography, of all mediums of artistic expression, should have attempted to hark back to this old-fashioned extreme is, indeed, strange and ironical; and in scanning the walls of such an exhibition as this it is remarkable to note with what genuine relish we reach a picture whose subject and method of treatment are non-artificial. A large portion of one of the walls at the Photographic Salon is devoted to the works of Mr. Clarence White, works which are mostly "precious" to a degree which tempts the observer to surmise that, while their author is gifted with very real talent, he must be hand-capped by a no less real lack of humour. A few feet beyond Mr. White's collection we find ourselves facing three quiet prints by an English photographer, Mr. F. J. Mortimer, and the contrast is significant. Mr. Mortimer goes to Nature for his inspiration. His picture, "The Mill," is a simple transcript of a scene in Holland, and while to the camera-user its cleverness is immediately apparent in its technical execution, there is none of that other and noisier cleverness which the American contrives to impress even on non-photographic critics. As I pass round the gallery we find that whenever we are attracted by a picture whose charm is unaffected, and whose inspiration is natural, its author turns out to be British. "Horses Drinking," by Mr. Cochrane, is a case in point; so is "The Bridge," by Mr. Walter Bennington; so is Mr. Arbuthnot's "The Topsail Yard." The last mentioned, while quite a *tour de force* of daring composition, is intensely photographic;

it is typical of that happy seizure of a fleeting effect for which the camera is so exactly suited. The splendid activity of the scene is rendered as only photography could have rendered it, at once convincingly, honestly and without the slightest trace of self-consciousness. The picture is an impromptu, with all the skill of a successful impromptu; and it is, no doubt, largely because so few of the American photographs have this impromptu air that they succeed in appearing so unphotographic and so laboured. It would be unfair to speak thus sweepingly of the American works and not to indicate that there are noteworthy exceptions. Mr. Edward Steichen, in his "Nocturne, Versailles," exhibits one of the very finest pictorial photographs ever seen in this country, and achieves that rarest of productions—a photograph whose excellence is both technical and pictorial in an indistinguishable alixture. A sombre foreground of balustrade is topped by a glimpse of the facade of a white building, lit by a concentrated light, the glow from which spreads to the dark sky above. The whole scene is idealised and delicate, effortless and unrestrained. These are adjectives which can scarcely be applied to some of Mr. Steichen's other prints, striking though they are; and we cannot resist the observation that his exhibit, which numbers ten in monochrome pictures and a quantity of colour plates, might with advantage have been weeded a little. Indeed, a smaller total number of frames on the walls would have made for strength rather than weakness. Half the number of Mr. Steichen's exhibits, for example, and we should appreciate the remainder more than doubly, for we should then have obtained the cream of his work, and have seen them hung and spaced in an isolation which would have done them greater justice, instead of in a close-packed row. In the centre of the room is a selection of autochrome photographs—pictures in natural colours—which should be missed by no one who wishes to make the acquaintance of this latest marvel of science. We hope to allude to them on another occasion; meanwhile, we mention them in order that the public should not miss a unique chance of inspecting the first fruits of a process which may presently revolutionise photography, and even have an indirect influence on painting. A few other colour-photographs, not autochromes, come from Germany. These are what are called "multiple gum-prints," and must not be confused with the products of the autochrome plate, which, of course, they are not for a moment intended to rival, much less to imitate. A few coloured oil-prints are also hung, and should be noticed, as being early examples of yet another new development of photographic art. To explain the methods by which they are produced would occupy too much space; suffice it to say that while the image on the paper is photographically produced, it is actually composed of oil pigment. It will thus be seen that both artistically and scientifically the exhibition of the Photographic Salon is this year well worth a visit by all persons anxious to understand the progress which is being made in current photography.

AIREDALE

THE Airedale terrier has been in existence about forty years. As the name indicates, it is a native of the county of broad acres, and had its original home in the valley of the Aire. The breed has been known by several names. It was first called the working terrier, then the water-side terrier, later the Bingley terrier and finally the Airedale terrier. It is the largest of all the terrier varieties, the recognised weight being from 40lb. to 45lb. On account of its size, its right to be classed as a terrier has been questioned. Its inclusion is, however, justified, as with the exception of its size it has all the characteristics of a perfect terrier. In addition to being very game, it is an excellent water dog; for the latter work it is naturally fitted, having a dense under-coat of an oily nature. It is *par excellence* a gun dog, and if properly trained makes an ideal sporting companion, being rarely, if ever, gun-shy. As a watch-dog it has few rivals. Opinions differ as to the breeds used in the evolution of this terrier. Some authorities think that the Airedale of to-day is indebted to the otter-hound, the Welsh harrier, the bull-terrier and the sheepdog. Others argue that it had its origin in a cross between the otter-hound and one of the many varieties of broken-haired terriers so common in the district forty or fifty years ago. It is certain that, whatever other breeds were used, the otter-hound was one of its progenitors. For many years the Airedale had only a local reputation and was kept almost entirely by the working classes. In its early days it was very popular with game-keepers, who found it not only a dog capable of doing all the work expected of a terrier, but one, on account of its size, able to defend human life. The history of the Airedale as a show dog began in the early seventies, when classes were given to it at Bingley. About 1883 Airedales were given a place in the schedule of the Birmingham Show. In 1886

TERRIERS.

the Airedale Terrier Club was formed, and naturally gave a great fillip to the breed, which soon became popular. The sporting instinct of the West Riding has always been loyal to this terrier, which bears the name of one of its most beautiful dales. The town of Otley has long been recognised as the Mecca of the breed, and at its annual show, held in the month of May, may be seen the finest collection of Airedales in this country. It is no uncommon thing for over a hundred specimens to be bunched. So keen is the competition, that many which are passed over by the judges would put some of the South Country winners through their paces. The Airedale terrier to-day is a much-improved dog from what it was, say, ten or fifteen years ago. There is now unanimity as to type.

One of the best kennels of Airedales in the South of England is that owned by Mr. and Mrs. Banes Condy of Kenley, Surrey. The kennels are built in a paddock, which is easy of access from the house. The site is a very suitable one, being 600ft. above sea-level and close to the beautiful Kenley Common. The number of dogs at "Kenilworth" is not large, but all are of the highest quality and pedigree. The best terrier in the kennels is Champion Huckleberry Lass (K.C.S.B. 1593). Her pedigree is of the best, as she owns Champion Crompton Marvel as her sire and Miss Salt as her dam. She is one of the most typical specimens on the show-bench, and few

would question her right to be called the best of her sex in this country. To criticise her would be superfluous. It is sufficient to say that she is a perfect example of what an Airedale terrier should be. Her prize list is remarkable, including as it does no fewer than nine championships awarded at the best shows and under expert judges. Her challenge certificates were won at Shrewsbury (Mr. Marples), Southend (Mr. Eyrill), Zoological Gardens (Mr. Maude Barrett), Botanic Gardens (Mr. Buckley), Hemel Hempstead (Mr. McLaren), Taunton

T. Fall.

A GOOD HEAD.

Copyright.



(Mr. Marsden), Botanic Gardens (Mr. Clarkson), Taunton (Mr. Dudbridge Green). In addition to these she has been reserve for the championship eight times. Huckleberry Lass holds the unique position of having won challenge certificates on three successive occasions at the Joint Terrier Show, thus making a record. She has won nearly fifty first prizes at such shows as Birkenhead, Ranelagh, Crystal Palace, Manchester, Eastbourne, Hastings and Southampton. Her list of special prizes is equally remarkable. At Ranelagh, in 1904, she won the rose bowl for the best Airedale puppy in the show. At 'Cruffs', in 1905, she was awarded one of the new century shields, and at Southampton the silver cup for the best bitch in the show. At the Joint Terrier Show this year she won the veteran's cup and the special prize for the best brood bitch. She has also figured largely in brace and team classes. At Hemel Hempstead, with Huckleberry Finn, she won the silver cup and £5 for the best brace in the show. The competition on this occasion was very keen, including, as it did, thirty-five braces, among them some of the best dogs in the country. The

reserve was given to a brace of champion bulldogs. The judges were Colonel Claude Cane, Dr. Turner and Mr. Houker. At Hastings, with Huckleberry Hector and Huckleberry Howler, she was awarded the fifty-guinea cup for the best team in the show. When the writer saw her she was in the pink of condition. The best dog in this kennel is Huckleberry Finn (K.C.S.B. 693 L). He was born on September 4th, 1905, and is a dog of exceptional breeding, being by Champion Royal Regent out of Countess

(Champion Master Royal out of Champion Legrams Princess); his body is good and his legs and feet leave nothing to be desired;



T. Fall.

HUCKLEBERRY FINN.

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T. Fall.

HUCKLEBERRY HUBERT.

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T. Fall.

CH. HUCKLEBERRY LASS.

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his beautiful eyes and head give him a perfect terrier expression; he is as fast as a greyhound and very docile; he is a great favourite with the family and is much attached to the little son of the house; as a stud dog he is making a great name and is in much demand among the best breeders; he is already the sire of Clonmel Demander, Huckleberry Hytton, Huckleberry Henchman and some very good pups at present too young to show. He has not been much exhibited, but whenever he has had the opportunity has done credit to his kennel; he made his *début* at Hemel Hempstead under

Mr. Royston Mills, who gave

him four firsts and reserve championship to Champion Crompton Performer. At Darlington, under Mr. F. M. Jowett, he won three firsts and reserve championship to Champion Crompton Oorang. Again at Hemel Hempstead he won two seconds and reserve championship. At this show the competition for championship honours was so keen that the judge took three-quarters of an hour to decide between Finn and Champion Lance-Corporal Smyth. Huckleberry Finn is now at his best, and is a dog to be remembered by all who wish to breed Airedales of the true type. Another terrier fit for the keenest competition is Huckleberry Hector (K.C.S.B. 1452 K). His sire was Clonmel Chilperie and his dam My Lady. He is a dog of beautiful colour, with a dense harsh coat; his ear carriage is perfect, and he has a good short back. To see this dog at a show is something to be remembered. He does everything but ask for the prize. The writer has never seen such a natural "shower," with the exception of the smooth collie, Champion Babette of Moreton. What a picture she was as she stood before the judge! Hector has won about forty first and thirty second prizes. At Hastings in 1905 he had quite a field day. He won

three first prizes and the silver cup for the best terrier in the show, as well as that for the best dog of any breed, and five other cups, also seven silver spoons. At Orpington he was awarded first open, first limit; at Ashford first limit, first novice; at Fulham Captain Bailey gave him first novice, first any variety in the show and second for any variety terrier; at Eastbourne, with Champion Huckleberry Lass, he won the silver medal for the best brace, and with Huckleberry Finn they won that for the best team. On several occasions he has carried off the special prize for the best in the show. The oldest terrier in the kennels is Huckleberry Nell (K.C.S.B. 1266 H); her sire was Champion Tone Masterpiece and her dam Rock-Ferry Sensation; she is nearly seven years old, but retains many of those good points which attracted Mr. Banes Condy when he bought her at one of the People's Palace shows; her prize list reaches the grand total of 150, among them being the following: Bristol, first and



T. Fall. HUCKLEBERRY HECTOR. Copyright.

challenge certificate; Maidenhead (1903), five firsts and special for the best in the show; her record as a brood bitch is good, and among her progeny are Huckleberry Hermit, Huckleberry Hilda, Alfreston Pat and many other winners which have been sold to go abroad; at the present time she is rearing a beautiful puppy by Huckleberry Finn. Another good bitch is Huckleberry Honoria (K.C.S.B. 585 M); she is litter sister to Huckleberry Hussar (sold for Switzerland), and is by Champion Midland Royal out of Lady Lorna; this bitch has not been often shown, but at Birmingham she won third in the open class; at the National Terrier Club Show she won third in the open class and at Crufts' she was awarded two seconds and a third. A terrier worthy of notice is Huckleberry Hubert, who won three firsts (limit, novice and puppy) at Taunton, and two thirds at the recent Joint Terrier Show. He is splendidly bred, being by Clonmel Wizard (litter brother to Champion Royal Mistress) out of Feldon



T. Fall. DOG PUPPY THREE MONTHS OLD. Copyright.

Frivolity (dam of Champion Feldon Flowergirl). Among the many winners which have passed through these kennels are Huckleberry Rover, Huckleberry Lady, Huckleberry Hussar (a very big winner on the Continent), Huckleberry Hermit, Huckleberry Husheen, Huckleberry Haidée, Huckleberry Helena, Huckleberry Howler, Huckleberry Heroine, Huckleberry Hilda, Kenley Jumbo, etc. There are some very good brood bitches and young stock at Kenley, among the latter being two fine puppies about four months old. Mr. Banes Condy, who is a member of the Kennel Club, is a recognised authority on the breed, and has officiated as judge at many of the leading championship shows. H. BOYCOTT ODDY.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF THOMAS.

I FOUND Thomas digging potatoes in the garden. Thomas is an institution. He lives not by years, but by periods, and has gone through a long evolution. Somewhere in the Stone Age he was groom to the family whose horticultural interests he at present supervises. In the Middle Ages he was coachman. It has always remained a riddle to me why so many gardeners are old. I suppose they have gone through similar stages; and, after all, there is a certain fitness in the idea, and a certain beauty in the notion of an old man spending the latter days of his life in such close communion with the earth to which he will return. Thomas has a face like a crab-apple in November, ripening in his own Yorkshire pastures; and though the wrinkles seam his face and the old muscles have contracted, leaving hollows where once was a healthy fullness, his eyes retain the piercing blue and the amplitude of youth. Indeed, in the more dramatic parts of his narrations they appear more large and rotund than ever.

I may mention that I have no business in the garden, but the Colonel allows me to walk there when I want to, and, incidentally, I "take" Thomas when I find him.

"Good morning, Thomas," I said.

"Morning, sir." Thomas blew very vigorously as he uprooted a gigantic potato. He is not so supple as he was, and as he always stands on his heels, finding that part of his feet more stable, any exertion of a



T. Fall. THE PICK OF THE KENNEL AND THEIR OWNERS. Copyright.

bending description is accompanied with sundry grunts and stertorous respiration.

"I'm sorry to hear from the Colonel that all the fruit has been eaten," I ventured, merely conversationally. I little thought the harmless remark would elicit any Vesuvian emotion.

"Yes, sir: them boids has took 'em all. A niver seed owt like it—them blackbirds! Place fair swarms wick wi' 'em. All gone at once, sir. There's not a frewt left."

"Did they get through the nets, then?" I asked.

It is impossible to reproduce the noise that Thomas uttered in answer, something between a snort and a neigh.

"Nets!" he said. "Well, A'll tell 'ee, sir. T'Colonel, he bot some nets off a man when 'e come roun'—it'll be seven year now. A remember t'day; it was a Tewsday; noa, it wasn't—it must a' bin a Tursday, for A remember taakin' 'owd mare up to t'village to be shod. Tursday it was, sir, an' this 'ere man, 'e cam' roun' agaān t'other daā, knowin' as how it would be time like. But Colonel, 'e wouldn't buy none; said as how t'old nets were good enough. Heugh! Why, look 'ee, sir, if A was to put them nets on these 'ere strawberries, the leaves would groa through, and if A was to lift 'em up, they'd all come apart like. Natural; they're all taanted wi' t'raān an' sick, out in all weathers; fair rotten they are. Them boids"—his eyes grew saucerlike—"them boids, they get in onywheres. Fair sickening, A tell 'ee, sir. A've seen a blackbod at them plums, A tell 'ee, sir, A've seen 'im a-boltin' ov 'em whole. It caps owt. An' when A cūms in t'garden of a morning like, A sees them a-gettin' up from them currants—by Gosh! A sees thousands of 'em, just like a flight o' rooks, sir"—Thomas rhymed rooks with stools—"the air is fair black wi' 'em, just like a flight o' rooks, sir. Fair swarms wick wi' 'em . . . just like a—"

"You must take the eggs a bit more," I interposed, hurriedly.

"A does taak 'em, sir, when they're about set, sir; there's nowt tew it; it māaks noā difference. Place fair swarms wick wi' 'em, an' when A cūms in t'garden of a—"

Thomas always recapitulates past metaphors, so I hastened to change the subject.

"There's an awful lot of bluebottles in the conservatory," I said. The conservatory is a small lean-to, where a vine or two struggle to keep up their reputation yearly, and manage to give quite a small show of grapes. The Colonel had complained bitterly of Thomas's heedlessness in not mending a broken pane, and so allowing free entry to these pests—big, shiny, aggressive bluebottles. Thomas has a disdain for any part of the garden the Colonel takes any special care of.

"Heugh! them blewbottles," he ruminated. "A doānt knoā, A'm sure, how they've got in. Fair nuisance it is. There's noā doin' owt wi' 'em."

"There must be a pane broken somewhere," I hazarded.

Thomas looked entirely vacant, and nebulously eyed a robin that had taken up his position on the handle of the spade, using it as a coign of vantage from which to survey the newly-turned worms.

"A doānt knoā, A'm sure," he repeated, obstinately. "It's worse nor iver it 'as been," he said, lugubriously. "One year it was them caterpillers. Fair blawn wi' fat, they was." He waxed indignant that such reptiles should batten thus. "A tell 'ee, sir, they was fair blawn wi' fat. A niver—"

"Yes, I know," I said; "but these bluebottles might have been—"

"Well, there's nowt wrong wi' t'glass, A knoā," he interrupted, "nor wi' t'door, A knoā. A went in there Tewsday to fetch them packets of 'belia seeds, an' t'place was thick wi' 'em, an' būzzin' round terrible—like a bee-ive," he added, visibly brightening; "būzzin' round . . . like a bee-ive."

He turned to the spade, and discovered more potatoes. At this moment the Colonel walked up the path and spoke to him, quenching a final comparison to the beehive.

"Those lettuces have all run to seed, Thomas. Why don't you send some in?"

"Well, A'll tell 'ee, sir," he said, with a potato in his hand. "We've 'ad noā raān to spik of, and so they 'as gone to seed quicker nor—"

"Yes, I know," said the Colonel. He is used to Thomas. Thomas taught him to ride, but he cannot resist stamping when he fails to secure Thomas to the main point.

"Yes, I know; but why don't you send some in?"

"Well, it's along of this 'ere drowt, sir, so A pricked some out, an' it's the dryness, sir, that's what's done it; so they 'as gone to seed quicker nor last—"

The Colonel gave it up.

"And I've found a pane broken," said he, "on the conservatory, near the top. I want you to get a ladder and cover it up temporarily."

"Very well, sir," said Thomas, with extreme melancholy. Thomas hates ladders. They present almost insurmountable architectural difficulties to his stiffened joints.

"Them bees is awful—them flies, A should saā, sir. A went to fetch them 'belia seeds, sir, an' t'place was full on 'em. Like a bee-ive, sir. Būzzin' round—"

"I know, I know; it's your own fault," said the Colonel.

"A told cook, when A took tāties in; 'place is like a bee-ive,' A said." He shouldered his spade and stumped off, treading well on his heels, muttering "būzzin' round."

"And I shall want the pony-cart at threes," shouted the Colonel.

"Very well, sir," said Thomas, with, if possible, deeper melancholy.

E. CLOUGH TAYLOR.

IN THE

THE BOURBON ROSES.

THE following interesting notes on the Bourbon Roses have been sent me by one of our most accomplished of rosarians, and I am in complete agreement with his remarks: "Bourbon Roses used to be regarded as the best for autumn, but since the advent of the Hybrid Tea they have been somewhat ignored. Yet the group contains some beautiful varieties, hardy and late-flowering. Most readers will know Souvenir de Malmaison, a charming old Rose of a clear pink colour with almost white edges; it has dainty buds, and even its large, flat, open flowers are not without beauty when the weather is fine. This Rose has been, however, eclipsed by the Hybrid Tea, Souvenir du President Carnot, in beauty of bloom, although there is little to choose between them in character of growth. Now and then one comes across very fine standards of Souvenir de Malmaison (which should not be written Souvenir de la Malmaison), and most majestic they appear when they have been carefully pruned. The climbing variety of this Rose I do not recommend; it is too vigorous and very shy blooming; I consider Pink Rover, which it resembles, a much better climber and deliciously fragrant. Mme. Pierre Oger only needs to be grown to be admired. It always attracts attention, even in a very large collection, owing to its beauty of form; row upon row of petals so evenly arranged, as though moulded in wax, and the colour is white merging daintily into lilac rose. It is, without doubt, a sport from Reine Victoria, an old variety of less attractiveness. Everyone knows Armosa or Hermosa, which is planted by the thousand at Sandringham and in other large gardens. This Rose is delightful, the colour a sort of mauve pink, the flowers very double and neat. It is often called a Chinese or Bengal, but it really belongs to the Bourbons; it is excellent for massing to form low hedges or to border carriage drives. It is almost as free-flowering as the common Monthly Rose. Mrs. Paul is a very fine variety with vigorous growths, similar in character to

GARDEN.

those of Mme. Isaac Periere, the seed parent. The flowers are very large, Carnation-like in shape, of a beautiful blush white colour with pink shading. It is an excellent Rose for large towns and cities. This variety has produced a very beautiful white sport named Mrs. Allan Chandler, which has all the good points of its parents. Both of these make good standards, pillars or bushes. Mme. Isaac Periere is more a Bourbon than a Hybrid Perpetual, and a sweet old Rose it is, one of the best for a town garden, a north wall or for pegging down. It will also make an enormous head when grown as a standard, and it is most free-flowering when grown in this way. The colour is a clear light carmine. Gloire des Rosomanes is usually grouped with the Bourbons. The colour is remarkable, a rich carmine crimson, the flowers semi-double. It is generally supposed to have been the parent of General Jacqueminot, which has undoubtedly given us many of our best red Hybrid Perpetuals. We are also said to owe Liberty to this Rose, its parentage being Mrs. W. J. Grant crossed with the favourite Rose, General Jacqueminot; therefore we cannot but value these old friends, knowing how we have had to depend upon them for the beautiful varieties we now enjoy. A few other good sorts in this group are Lorna Doone, which has large, carmine-coloured flowers shaded with scarlet, very sweetly scented, and appearing both in summer and autumn; Zephirin Drouhin, a variety which was raised some forty years ago, very fragrant and Cherry pink in colour—it is sometimes called the thornless Rose, and is excellent for a pillar or the uprights of a pergola; Sir Joseph Paxton, Marie Paré, Queen, Comtesse de Barbantanne and Acidalie."

MOSS AND WEEDS IN TURF.

A CORRESPONDENT asks a question which we have received more than once during the past few months; he seeks for guidance on the way to keep lawns free from moss and weeds. We cannot give better advice than that tendered by Mr. Martin Sutton in the Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society some time ago. The writer there mentioned that one of the most

frequent causes of annoyance in old turf is moss, which makes its appearance freely under certain conditions, and is almost invariably due to indifferent drainage and consequent sourness of soil. When moss becomes really troublesome, the drainage is probably defective, and it is a serious question whether, despite the cost and the outlay entailed, it may not be true economy to have the drains up and entirely relay them. If this is out of the question, however, the quality of the turf may be greatly improved by severely

tearing the surface with an iron-tooth rake to detach the moss. Such moss should be collected and destroyed by burning. A compost of fine soil, slaked lime and well-rotted manure sifted through a $\frac{1}{2}$ in. mesh sieve and applied as a dressing to a depth not exceeding $\frac{1}{2}$ in., and followed by an application of bone-meal at the rate of 4oz. to the square yard, will prove most beneficial; this should be raked carefully over and well rolled down. Mr. Sutton mentions with regard to weeds that it is astonishing in how short a time a lawn will be disfigured by the appearance of various kinds of weeds, such as Dandelion, Plantain, Thistle and Daisy. Some of the seeds of these weeds are introduced by birds, others are blown by the wind. Various suggestions have been made for their extermination; but, unfortunately, there is no really satisfactory way of getting rid of them except by manual labour. They are, however, far more easily dealt with in a young state than after they have been allowed to mature. Undoubtedly, a



Miss M. Best.

OLD FIG TREE IN A GUERNSEY GARDEN.

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certain amount of good can be done by dipping a wooden skewer into sulphuric acid, strong carbolic acid, or one of the liquid weed-destroyers, and plunging it into the centre of the plant. There is, however, always the danger of killing grass as well, in addition to which such preparations need very careful use, or serious consequences may follow the operation. There is one other cause of annoyance in lawns with which owners do not always know how to deal. Sometimes hollows appear through the sinking of the

turf. In the case of newly-made lawns, the turf is generally not of sufficient maturity to cut up and roll. In this case the hollows should be filled with a thick covering of soil to the same level as the surrounding turf, and then sown with a similar mixture of grass seeds. Depressions in old lawns can be more easily remedied. In this case it is only necessary to cut and roll the turf occupying such hollows, and fill up the bed underneath with fresh soil. The turf can then be replaced, pressed down and watered.

CURIOUS GROWTH OF A FIG TREE.

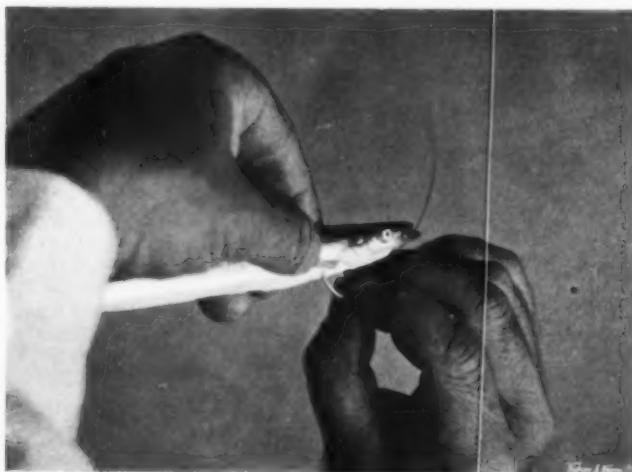
The above illustration of a fig tree is from a photograph taken in a garden in Guernsey by Miss M. Best. The stem of the tree is in the left-hand corner, and the branches are trained over upright posts about 6ft. in height, covering a space of 24ft. by 26ft. The growth was very thick; though there were quantities of figs on the tree, they probably did not ripen well grown in this way, and it was kept more as a curiosity than for its usefulness.

BASS ON MANY COASTS.

THE poet tells us that

There's nothing on earth like making love,
Save making hay in fine weather.

Yet, as an alternative for those who fancy neither kisses nor hay-fever, I plead for a July sunrise in the company of willing bass, whether in my own pet Devon estuary, or on the white and blue coast of Kent, or beside the old bridge at Poole, or in that backwater between Weymouth and Portland, or in some Cornish cove where the fish are cowering from the gale outside, or even at that lovely spot where the Lyn goes bubbling to the Bristol Channel. My Devon estuary takes some beating among the varied scenes in a sea-fishing retrospect that will soon embrace thirty years of bait-drowning in many oceans. The best sport has not been commonly associated with the most attractive scenery. The passes of the Gulf of Mexico, where you catch the leaping tarpon, are no better than the Thames at Leigh. One recalls sport beneath the frowning rock of Gibraltar, in dreamy mangrove swamps in Queensland and



BAITING WITH SAND-EEL.



ANOTHER METHOD.

Jamaica, in the sweltering roads of Aden, in the half-frozen Baltic; and, with the single exception of Lake Tahoe, in the Californian Sierras, the only picture which can compare with that Devon estuary is that of an anchorage off Hobart, under the friendly shadow of Mount Wellington, where, fishing closer to the South Pole than ever before or since, I once, in an August sunrise, caught some fish called "trumpeter." It is, perhaps, hardly fair to institute comparisons with Tahoe, for its beauty is almost more than earthly.

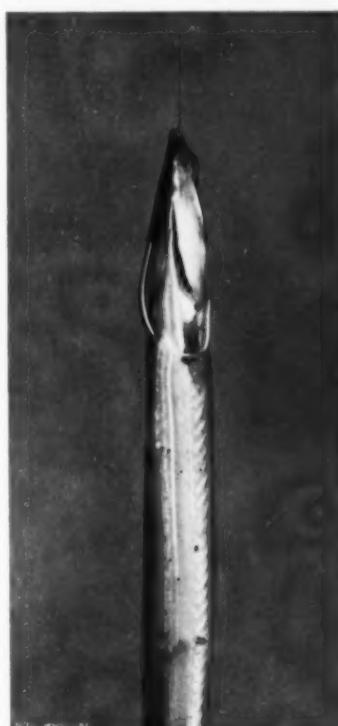
The bass is probably the most sportive fish in British seas. It is not more dashing than the mackerel, but weight counts in a fight, and a bass of 12lb. or 15lb. naturally gives more excitement than a mackerel of 2lb. We are compelled by tradition to regard the salmon and sea-trout as fresh-water fishes, though on what grounds it would be difficult to say, seeing that both spend the period of their greatest development in salt water. Nor is it likely that the project recently set on foot for the introduction of the striped bass of the New World into British seas will

meet with either general encouragement or practical success. The bass, therefore, retains the proud position of our premier sporting fish of the salt water. At any rate, though somewhat lax in his tastes, eating decomposed food in a dock as readily as he seizes a fly cast in the surf, he fights like a gentleman. His tastes are so wide, his moods so varied, that, in one spot or another, he may be caught by every method known to the angler—fly-fishing, live-baiting, spinning, float-fishing, or ground-tackle. A fish of warm seas, the bass is at his best on our South Coast, but ranges up both sides of England, as far as the Wash on the East Coast and to the Menai Strait on the West. The Atlantic seaboard of this island being the warmer, he is more in evidence there, and we find seaside resorts giving good bass-fishing further up that coast than the other, where Aldeburgh, in the southern part of Suffolk, is the northernmost watering-place at which good bass are regularly caught every year. It is a curious fact that at no two neighbouring seaside towns are bass taken, as a rule, on the same bait. This may in part be due to a particular bait being more easily procured than the rest, but it also argues a very fickle taste on the part of the fish. Thus, at Aldeburgh it is hard to beat a phantom minnow. No further off than Felixstowe, a ragworm is as good as a spinner. Flies and spinners are the most deadly lure off the Ness at Margate and off Seaton in Devonshire; the living sand-eel is regarded as simply indispensable at Ramsgate, Shoreham, Exmouth, Teignmouth and Pwllheli; mackerel or herring is first favourite when fishing from the sloping beach at Folkestone, Hastings or Sidmouth, or from the Passage Bridge at Weymouth. These by no means exhaust the list; indeed, we are only beginning to get a taste of the variety that appeals to this much-sought fish. Thus, at Newhaven they like the red rubber eel; at Littlehampton and Padstow the green crab; at Poole, prawn; throughout South Cornwall, pilchard; at Ilfracombe, rubber baits; at Lynmouth, soft roe of herring; at Tenby, ray's liver or a bait made of bass skin; at Barmouth, a similar bait made from the white under skin of a plaice. In addition to these I have caught bass on lugworm, bloater, bacon rind, mussel and probably half-a-dozen other baits if it were worth while trying to remember them. Anyone taking up sea-fishing as a new sport may be tempted, on reading this list of baits that will catch bass, to give up all idea of enthusiasm for a sport so ridiculously easy. If the bass, admittedly the most prized of all the sea angler's fish, will take anything and everything dangled before it on a hook, where is the use of trying to study such fishing? I shall be glad to hear this expression of opinion from the new recruit after his first summer among the bass that are not worth the catching. What he will find, gaining his knowledge in the school of experience, the only school for some who rush in where angels fear to tread, is that bass are not quite so easy to catch in the sea as on paper. He will also ascertain, once and for all, that each of the foregoing baits has its proper mode of use and its proper place. Thus, he may trail a piece of bloater or a green crab behind his boat for a week, or let a rubber bait or fly lie on the bottom for a month, and never be the richer by a single bass. The ray's liver, so valued in backwaters round Tenby, would not stay on the hook, much less catch a fish, in the swift tides off Margate Ness. A live prawn, killing enough beside the Poole Bridge on dark nights, would not move a bass a yard from his lair in the Devon estuary; and the tasty soft crab, or mackerel head or soft roe, each and all irresistible, close to the land, where bass are in a grubbing mood, would be scorned in the dancing waters off some headland, where one after another will succumb to a cast of flies or a bright spinner worked cunningly among the wave crests. There is one bait which would, I should imagine, tempt a bass to its fall in most situations, and that is a lively sand-eel; but it is impossible to prove this, for you can only get living sand-eels in comparatively few places, and few baits are more difficult to transport without injury. It is his habit of feeding at all depths, more perhaps than any other fish, even than the mackerel, which makes the bass so useful a fish to the sportsman. You can catch him at the top of the water on flies or rubber baits, either casting from the rocks into the surf or trailing the lures behind your boat. You can catch him halfway down on unlead drift-lines, baiting with pilchard, sand-eel or green crab. There are times when, round quays and pier-heads, nothing is more deadly than a sand-eel on float-tackle; while, in fishing from a sloping beach, with a bait of squid or mackerel, you have to use a heavy lead and cast out so as to fish on the bottom, just behind the break of the waves. The manner of catching the bass on light tackle and from a drifting boat in the Devon estuary, referred to above, has

been more than once described in *COUNTRY LIFE*, and need not be reconsidered. It is an interesting and artistic style of fishing, its enjoyment enhanced by the beauty of the moorland river at daybreak, just as the sun is stealing over the chimneys, and the rising waters are driving gulls, rooks and pigeons off their common feeding-ground on the cockle-bank in mid-stream. The fish have not, during the last year or two, been either quite so large or quite so plentiful as they were when I last wrote of the sport in these pages; but the chances remain at least equal to those of any other resort on the South Coast.

Two other scenes in a long and varied acquaintance with the bass occur to memory, which may be new to readers of this paper. We are in a small boat not more than 200yds. from the beach of a little seaside resort near the eastern limit of Devon. "Way up" the coast are the white cliffs of Dorset; in the other direction the eye lights on the darker red extolled by Eden Phillpotts and other lovers of the Duchy. No pier breaks the continuity of the shingle beach, and such little paddle-steamers as all through the summer fetch and carry freights of pleasure-seekers between this and neighbouring resorts have to run right up on the beach and land or take off their passengers by a gangway. Many a good bass is caught from yonder beach by those who have the time and patience to sit beside a couple of lines, each baited with the head of a mackerel; but it is not the best of sport hauling such gallant fish through the break of the waves and up the shingle, and the somewhat intimate admiration of a crowd of trippers is also not the most welcome accompaniment to one's enjoyment. We are better out here in our little boat, which a lusty young son of Devon is rowing slowly up and down and across the tide, when the rod is nearly pulled out of our hands and the reel crows with delight as a fine bass, its silver sides gleaming in the sunlight, tears off the line and heads away from us. The other rod is taken in, and we follow the fish, reeling in line as occasion offers. It is not a very long fight, for we are in open water, with nothing to fear in the way of snags or bridges, and the fish does not weigh more than 5lb., if as much; but he gives a pretty 5min. of lively argument after his kind, and our little grilse-rod bends very gracefully in tribute to his fighting powers. It is a pity to gaff so well-conditioned a fish, and the net is slipped under him. Out go the rods again, and, worse luck, the same one gives the first sign of a visitor, this time a fish of nearer 8lb. Later on, the other rod takes charge, and by breakfast-time each of them has caught four fish of a total weight of probably

25lb., a pretty catch for little more than two hours' fishing. These are the school bass, and the bigger fish are all caught from the beach. A hundred miles further west there is a little weed-grown cove that might be Neptune's own antechamber, a fairy spot where you can lie in a rocking boat, far from the troubles of the world, and dream away life to the eternal song of the sea. So clear is the water that from the cliff overhead you can watch every writhing, crawling creature of the sea-bed, and in the ordinary way it would be hopeless to try to catch fish in so transparent a pool. Yet there are occasions. For the last three days a gale has been raging out in the Channel. Coasting colliers have run in under the Deadman like frightened creatures before the hounds, and they will cower under the cliffs until a change of wind bids them face the lesser danger in deeper water. The bass on such occasions also creep under the lee of the land and pick up what fool they can, chiefly such savoury backwash as rolls in from the adjoining harbour, where there is a busy trade in pilchards during six months of the year. Hither we have come in the hope of picking up something big. We have approached cautiously from the land side, fearful of disturbing the fish, which must see our every movement in such limpid shallows, and noiselessly we have moored the boat fore and aft between the rocks. Two rods are put out, though there is only one angler. It may be at once admitted that this is gorge-fishing—what the Americans, who catch tarpon in this way at Fort Myers, call "still-fishing"—and not very high-class sport. It is, in fact, only allowable during these stormy interludes when the outer pollack-grounds are closed to fishing, and it is a matter of either trying for a bass in the coves, or loafing on dry land. There is no lead on the rods, but a single large hook embedded in a pilchard minus only the head. Ten yards or twenty yards of line are pulled off the reel, and the bait is swung out towards some sandy flats on which the bass are known to grub for food on a rising tide. Then there is nothing for it but to wait. You can eat lunch, or smoke tobacco, or read the



A THIRD WAY.

morning paper, or the latest detective story. You cannot do any good with the rods until, sooner or later, you see the slack line which you have left on the seat creeping away through the rings, quicker and quicker, then with a rush! And now you pick up the rod, give one mighty strike and play Mr. Bass to the

gaff. He, poor gentleman, has the hook so deep in his "innerds" that he will not get away, and you can put him out of his misery as soon as possible. An ignoble ending for a gallant fish, and one to be countenanced only when the conditions are unfavourable for a more sportsman-like "despatch." F. G. AFLATO.

TRENCH-DIGGING BY CADETS.

IT is a great mistake to suppose that the question of entrenchments is one that concerns only engineers and line battalions; and in giving a short account of the trenches dug during the last summer term by the Monkton Combe School Cadet Corps I should like to lay emphasis, not only on the importance of earthworks, which every military critic will acknowledge, but also on the interest attaching to this branch of military science. I should say, first of all, that the corps is an infantry and not an engineering company, and from beginning to end the work was entirely voluntary. There was no organised system of reliefs as laid down in the military engineering manuals, since the cadets would turn to the work at odd times with pick and shovel when cricket was over. Many a half-holiday was devoted to the work by some who were especially enthusiastic, and on one occasion some members of the corps voluntarily gave up a whole holiday to "trenching." For this reason it is impossible to estimate the time taken for the complete work. It was carried out by means of ten picks and ten shovels borrowed from a neighbouring engineer company, but it was not long before these were reduced in number by breakages.

for the bomb-proof shelter, the magazine and the protected look-out, which were roofed over. Most of this and nearly all the sandbags were bought. The digging was not done in uniform, but in the plainest of plain clothes; in fact, football shorts and old flannels were generally found to be most suitable. The site was selected, not from a strategic point of view, but because it was the only piece of land available for the purpose, and consisted of some rough ground lying between the cricket-field and the Midford Brook. The first illustration gives a general view of the fire-trench from the front. Trenches, of course, must be made as invisible as possible, otherwise they offer a



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FIRE-TRENCH FROM THE FRONT.

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Timber was required for the bomb-proof shelter, the magazine and the protected look-out, which were roofed over. Most of this and nearly all the sandbags were bought. The digging was not done in uniform, but in the plainest of plain clothes; in fact, football shorts and old flannels were generally found to be most suitable. The site was selected, not from a strategic point of view, but because it was the only piece of land available for the purpose, and consisted of some rough ground lying between the cricket-field and the Midford Brook. The first illustration gives a general view of the fire-trench from the front. Trenches, of course, must be made as invisible as possible, otherwise they offer a

good target for the enemy's guns. These trenches were dug on low-lying ground with a line of trees and bushes in the rear. The foreground was assimilated to the background as far as possible, and the sandbags were covered over with turf. The bushes in front are not a natural growth, but were planted there in order to screen the trenches, great care being taken that they should not interfere with the view from the loopholes. At a distance of 200yds. or 300yds. the earthworks were almost invisible. It should be mentioned that the photograph was taken some days after the annual inspection, for which the trenches were made. In the interval some of the artificial cover had been displaced or removed, and the sandbags show more clearly than was originally the case. The second photograph gives a general view of the fire-trench from the rear. It is divided into sections by traverses to protect the defenders from enfilade fire, and to localise the effect of bursting shells. All the loopholes were screened by pieces of canvas sewn on to the sandbags in order to prevent the light from shining through the loopholes and thus giving away the position of the trenches. Further to the left was a protected look-out for the commanding officer, giving a good view of the field of fire in all directions. It was entirely roofed over by brushwood and sandbags, and for this reason it was impossible to photograph it. It contained a seat, a telephone and a ledge for his maps, despatches, etc. The last picture shows the bomb-proof shelter for supports, capable of containing almost the whole garrison of the trenches. The supports are brought up to the firing line through a zigzag communication trench. The shelter was dug out to a depth of 8ft. in its lowest part. A framework of timber was then made, and roofed over with bacon boxes filled with earth, brushwood, loose earth and sandbags. The iron pipe visible at the further end contains the telephone wires connecting the look-out mentioned above with a protected post on the bank of the brook



E. G. Hoare.

FROM THE REAR.

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in rear. Telephonic communication was also established between the lookout and a signalling observatory some distance to the left. This was constructed of three spars lashed together forming an inverted tripod secured by guy-ropes. It was 25ft. in height and carried a crow's-nest. The signaller on the observatory was in communication with a heliograph station near the top of a hill on the extreme left of the position, which, without the observatory, would have been invisible from the trenches. There was also a magazine well in rear of the fire-trench, with which it was connected by a covered passage. The magazine was

roofed over in the same way as the bomb-proof shelter. In order to provide effectual drainage the trenches sloped gradually to the brook on the extreme right. A passage to the brook at a point higher up, in rear of the bomb-proofed shelter, afforded a plentiful water supply. It is commonly said that the British soldier can never be taught the use of the spade. Possibly this may be because digging trenches which may never be used, and which have to be filled in again almost immediately is, not unnaturally, regarded as uninteresting drudgery. I do not think that any of those who toiled hour after hour in a scorching sun will question the statement that earthworks form one of the most interesting parts of a military training. The inspection ended with a simultaneous attack from both flanks upon the entrenched position, and for the next inspection the trenches will be considerably enlarged and improved.

E. G. H.



F. G. Hone.

BOMB-PROOF SHELTER FOR SUPPORTS.

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once filled by its waters; how the cottages beside its inlets must have been built or occupied by fishermen and wildfowlers who gained a livelihood on the mere; and you have learnt that the names of the inlets and hill slope woodlands, such as Duck's Creek and Heron's Cair, were given to them when a land-locked lake, alive with waterfowl, lay in the hollow of the hills.

Just as Whittlesea Mere is now a rich tract of arable land, so the Rush Mere is a level of pleasant pasture land shaded by innumerable dykeside willows, the leaves of which gleam silver-white as the wind turns their undersides towards the sun. Standing

in the midst of it one is reminded of a vast amphitheatre, of which the gravel terraces on the hill slopes are the tiers of seats and the level plain below is the arena. Often on stormy days, when the dark plumes of the firs on the hilltops are waving wildly to and fro, the dwellers by the side of the mere are hardly conscious of the storm; but the mere has its own little storms, of the nature of small whirlwinds, which sweep down the narrow valleys and can be traced across the pasture-land by the wind waves of the long grass. When such a whirlwind takes its rotary course across the sheltered plain one thinks of how it would have blurred the blue waters of the mere in the days when coots and moorhens were swimming where now the rook feeds and the meadow pipit nests, and in fancy can be heard the rattling of dry reed stems and the shrill whisper of sedge.

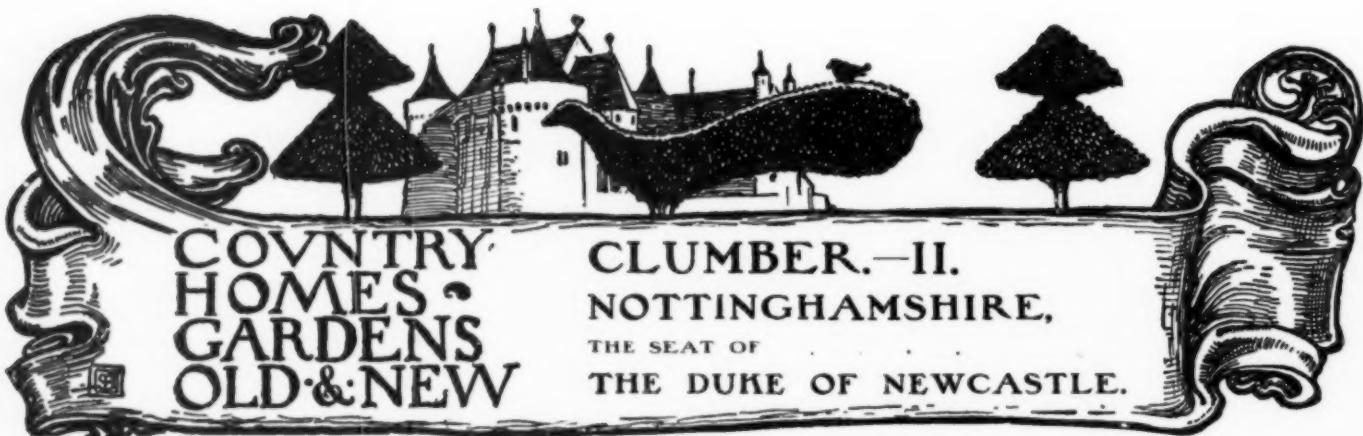
At the head of one of the inlets of the mere stands a moated farmhouse, a long, low, rambling old place with whitewashed walls and an open hearth as capacious as a fair-sized room. The wide, rectangular moat is quite dry now and almost choked up with a rank growth of burdock and nettle; but one of the old labourers on the farm can remember the time when a deep ditch connected it with what was once the margin of the mere. He has heard, too, that many years ago, when his grandfather was a young man, a kind of wooden quay or landing-stage was discovered on the edge of the moat, having attached to it two or three iron rings, which must have been used for mooring boats. There is also a tradition that a notch cut in the woodwork of the old staircase of the house marks the height to which the water rose during some long-forgotten flood. "I've heard tell," says the old labourer "that there were floodgates in some of the scours" (the small valleys) "leading down to the mere, and the meadow at the bottom of the Oakwood Scour is still called Floodgates Meadow. It was there that a ditcher found what looked like the framework of a boat about four feet in the ground."

Antiquaries have occasionally visited the old mere and have expressed an opinion that certain wooden stakes found standing upright in its peaty bed are the remains of some of the pile-dwellings of the prehistoric inhabitants of the district; but no excavation has been made for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of the matter. The local farmers have other explanations of these stakes, which, they say, must have surrounded a place where sheep were washed or where hemp was steeped; but the discovery of fragments of coarse hand-made pottery lends some support to the antiquaries' theory. The fact of several old lanes and trackways leading down to the shore of the mere also suggests that there were settlements around it at a very early date, some of these ancient byways being "sunk roads" or "hollow ways" several feet below the level of their bordering fields. Originally these winding lanes in the hollows of the hills must have been the beds of small streams which flowed into the mere, for at the end of each of them a bed of gravel has been deposited by the waters which descended from the higher lands. Why these streams have all dried up can be no more easily explained than the drying up of the mere itself; so, for lack of a better reason, we may accept that supplied by the old labourer, who said that he "reckoned as how the mere went dry because at some time or another the bottom fell out." W. A. DUTT.

THE RUSH MERE.

THE village took its name from the mere, and its old manor-house, its moated farmhouses and its clay-walled cottages roofed with thatch were built on the slopes of the low hills around it or at the landward end of little inlets between the hills; but if it is looked for the mere on a modern map of the county is not discoverable. If you ask a native of the village to direct you to it, he tells you to follow the green road over the hills, and that green road, an ancient trackway with high hedges garlanded with wild roses and draped with traveller's joy and hopbines, brings you to the manor-house, with its crow-stepped gables and weather-beaten chimneys of moulded brick; but though you peer through every hedge gap and take advantage of every outlook afforded by a field gate you see no sign of the mere. Nor is this surprising, seeing that the Rush Mere around which the village was built disappeared long ago—so long ago, indeed, that no one knows whether it was drained away by man or gradually "grew up," as some of the Norfolk Broads have done. When the end of the green road is reached, however, you are at the foot of a slope which led down to the mere, the waters of which covered the ground on which you stand, and the cattle-tender who is driving his cows to the manor-house farmyard tells you that the hollow among the hills, where the cattle are feeding in the June sunshine, is the mere!

In a little while, if you stay in the neighbourhood and make the acquaintance of the villagers, you become quite used to hearing about this Rush Mere which is no longer a mere, but which still seems to have a real existence to nearly everyone who mentions it. Children say that their home is "down by the mere"; farmers speak of their cattle as having been "fed in the mere"; and you even hear of strawberries having been "grown in the mere"; so that at length you find yourself falling into the habit of the district, and speaking of taking walks around the mere as though you had been listening to the rustling of its reeds and the chattering of its reed birds. But by this time the mere has been explored from shore to shore, and so much learnt about it that it is almost as real to you as to the villagers. You have seen how the dry moats of its bordering farmsteads were



EVERY soon after we pass out of Worksop town towards the south, the Clumber estate meets us on the left. To the right we first have Worksop Manor, which, during most of the nineteenth century, was in the same hands as Clumber. Its road frontage, however, is not long, and its place is soon taken by the Welbeck demesne, and the road is then for miles lined and overshadowed by the Clumber and Welbeck trees. Soon, however, we turn to the left and enter Clumber's endless woodlands. Clumber is forest rather than park-like. It gives the impression of having always been and still remaining a portion of Sherwood Forest at its best. It no longer answers to the description of "a large Track of ground almost stripped of its magnificent woods by former Possessors," which the first Clinton Duke replanted. It is not now "in leading strings," as it was when Horace Walpole visited it, but in the prime of life and maturity. Dense thicket alternates with open glade of heath or grass or bracken. There are abundant groups of noble beech and oak and occasional single specimens of the same trees. Scotch firs and silver birch, wild cherry and hawthorn are freely scattered, and give infinite variety and charm to the sylvan scene. All this shows that there was some merit in Capability Brown and his school. We may well condemn his destruction of the fine formal gardens of his predecessors, we may see little Nature in his clumps and belts and serpentine as he arranged them. But when Nature has asserted herself over artificiality and time has triumphed over man, the results of the late eighteenth century wood and park plantings are agreeable enough. In the midst of such a semi-natural scene in embryo the house originally stood. Watts's view of 1781 shows it in a flat park with a serpentine of water breaking the line of the sward. There are no terraces stretching down to a lake as there are now, giving dignified presence to the somewhat low and unbroken elevation of the place. A similar view to that in Watts is given by Throsby in his continuation of Thoroton's "History of Nottinghamshire," published in

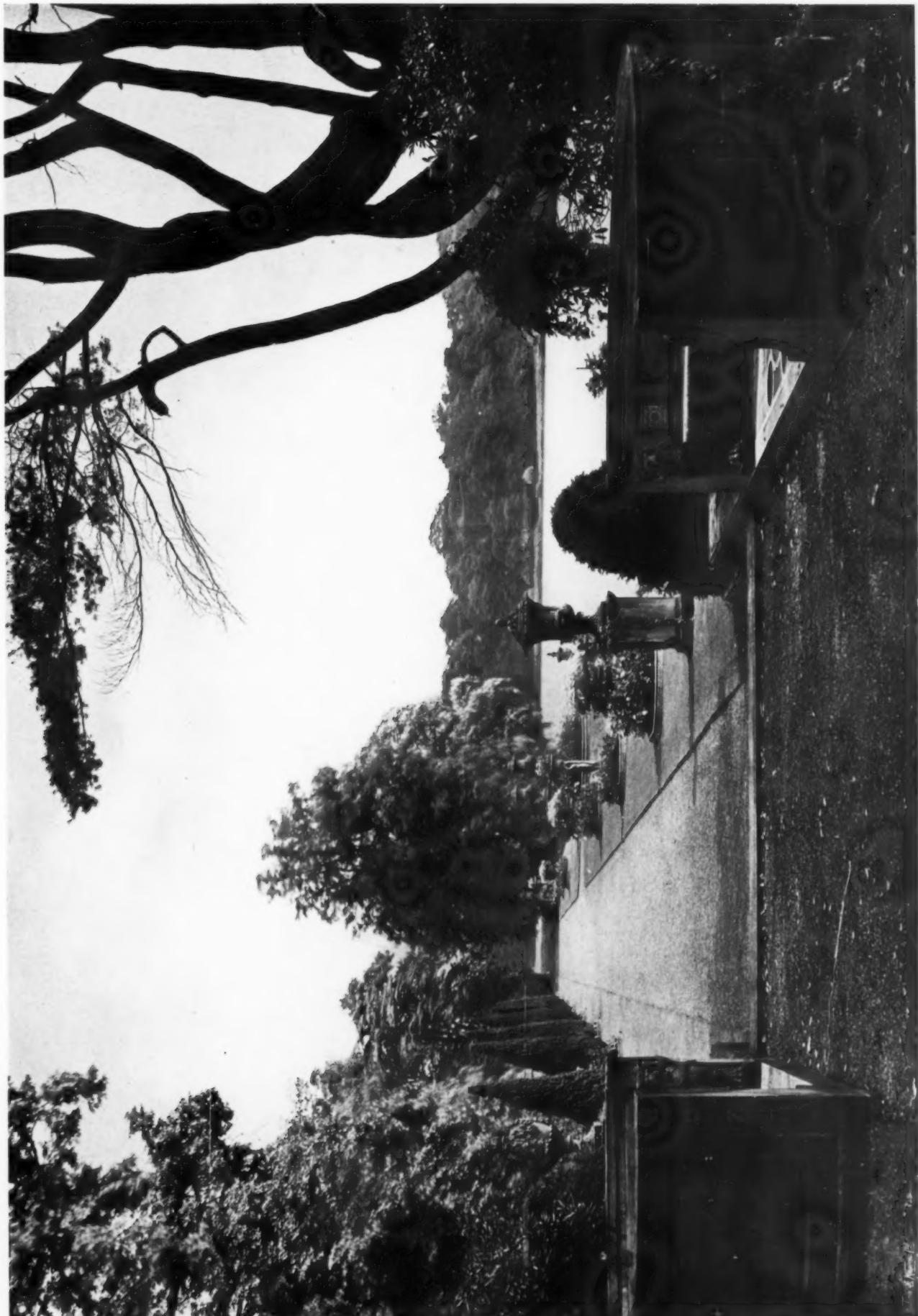
1797, and he tells us that "from the new bridge which spans the apparent endless stream which waters Clumber there appears an harmonious whole of grandeur." But except that this effect is largely gained by "proud chested swans sailing gently," and that it "parades the mind," we get little information. When he visited the house there was "solemn silence around and a sable escutcheon, emblem of departed dignity," for the maker of Clumber had died in 1794, and a year later his son had followed him, leaving, as fourth Duke, a lad of ten years of age, who, after the nineteenth century opened, began a career which attracted much attention. Ere he came of age he took advantage of the Peace of Amiens to visit France. A noticeable feature of Clumber House is the large quantity of exceptionally fine French eighteenth century furniture it contains, many of which pieces appear in the illustrations given last week. Some of these can be traced as the previous possessions of Bourbon Princes or of their courtiers, and could not have left France till after the Revolution. One would like, therefore, to picture the young Duke, copying the example of Thomas Coke a century earlier and using his Continental tour for the collection of fine objects to complete the furnishing of his grandfather's country home. But his French visit was not timed at a moment opportune for such exportations, and though it stretched out to a great length and offered ample leisure, it was not accompanied by that freedom of action and movement which the collection of objects of art and virtue demands. The Peace of Amiens was but an armed and angry truce, and at its close, in May, 1803, Napoleon's passionate hatred of England and his domineering spirit made him arrest his British visitors. "Crowds of Englishmen had thronged to see with their own eyes the condition of revolutionised France. All the English in France between the age of eighteen and sixty, numbering, it is believed, about 12,000, were suddenly by a single decree taken prisoners." Born in 1785, the young Duke came within the scope of this decree and was detained for four years. On his



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THE DESCENT OF THE TERRACES TO THE LAKE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE STRAIGHT WALK BY THE LAKE.

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THE DESCENT ON TO THE LAWN.

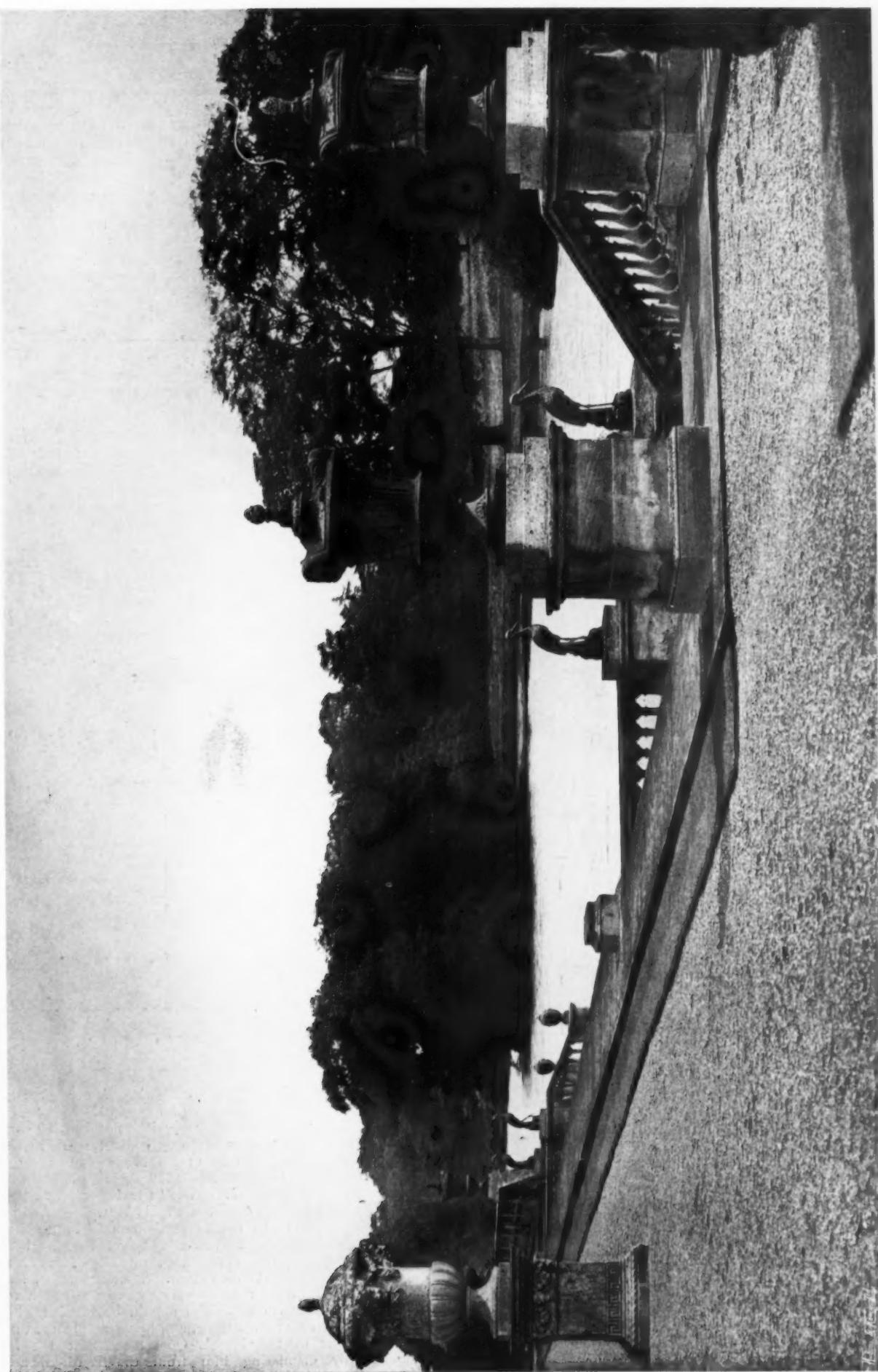
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CLASSIC URNS AND GOTHIC FANE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE PARK BEYOND THE LAKE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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return in 1807 he at once took up a leading position, became Lord-Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire in 1809 and three years later obtained the Garter. Social and political influence he had inherited. He now added that of great wealth by marriage. Soon after his liberation from the Napoleonic clutches he wedded the daughter and heir of Edward Miller Munday of Snafton in Derbyshire, and she brought him a fortune of £100,000 in cash and £12,000 a year in rents. He was in a position some years later to add to his local importance by buying the Worksop Manor estate from the Duke of Norfolk for £380,000, "chiefly for the purpose of dismantling the mansion." This mansion was the great, but unfinished, creation of James Paine. Here had stood the old home of the Talbots, reputed to have had 500 rooms, where Bess of Hardwick had ruled as Countess of Shrewsbury. It had afterwards passed to the Howards, and was destroyed by fire in 1761. The Duke of Norfolk then commissioned James Paine to erect, on the same site, a classic palace. A great front, with columned and pedimented centre and slightly projecting wings, having a total length of 300ft. pierced by rows of twenty-three windows, arose. But the death of the Duke's heir put a stop to the work, whose complete designs appear in the second volume of James Paine's book and which "if

square plat, of which a great marble fountain is the centrepiece, and whose quarters are occupied with gay flower-beds relieved by a groundwork of turf. From it a broad flight of steps dips into the waters, not of the "endless stream" of Thoroton's days, but of the great lake of 200 acres on which still floats that fashionable adjunct to ducal lakes in Early Victorian days—a fully rigged model frigate. Along the side of the lake, and reached by another descent from the main terrace, runs a long, straight walk, whose geometric line is accentuated by further vases and urns, and by a row of Irish yews. With that the formal garden ends; the rest is a region of curved lines and natural growths, where fine specimens of native timber vie with the cedar of Lebanon in giving dignity and shade to the wide-spreading lawn on which stands the present Duke's beautiful addition to his father's home—the small but exquisitely-furnished church which is one of the most successful of the late Mr. Bodley's ventures into Ecclesiastical Gothic of the Decorated period. From this restful excursion into Clumber's peaceful grounds we must return to the turmoils of the fourth Duke's career. It was his political attitude which brought him into unenviable notoriety. He was an unflinching anti-reformer and assertor of the Divine



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THE UPPER TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

it had been finished agreeable to the intention of the noble Founder would doubtless have been unequalled by any in the Kingdom." Of what there was of it the fourth Duke of Newcastle became the possessor and the destructor in 1840, but the exceptionally fine architectural garden objects now at Clumber show that he transferred some of the material to his own home. In front of that side of the house which contains the great dining-room, the central hall and the State drawing-room, there lie two terraces, whose balustrades are set at intervals with statues, vases and urns of most varied design and excellent workmanship. Their delicate sculptures are charmingly toned, but in no way injured or marred, by the effects of age and exposure. They form a collection to be closely studied as well as freely enjoyed, for they offer a whole series of the highest worth both for their general forms and their decorative details. The pair of stately urns, with pineapple finials and wolf heads rising up as handles, that stand at the descent on to the lawn, and have winged beasts below them, may possibly be equalled, but certainly cannot be excelled, for intrinsic merit of design and execution, combined with perfection of weathered tone and picturesque condition.

The upper and narrow terrace is largely occupied by a stately walk, the lower and broad one forms an extensive

right of the territorial magnates to be the salt of the earth. The question he asked when his ejection of his Newark tenants was before the House of Lords in 1830, "Is it not lawful for me to do what I please with my own?" received a forcible answer two years later when the mob burnt his Nottingham palace, broke the windows of his Portman Square house and made it necessary for him to fortify Clumber. When the Reform Bill passed he shook the dust of Parliament from his feet, and, Achilles-like, retired to his tent—to the great domain in Nottinghamshire where he considered that he was privileged to rule as a beneficent despot. But even here the hated Government of Lord Melbourne pursued and interfered with him. That his right, as Lord-Lieutenant, to limit his recommendations to the bench to those of his own political complexion should be challenged by the Lord Chancellor was intolerable, and he wrote his mind so freely to the Keeper of the King's Conscience that the Ministry retaliated by dismissing him from the Lord-Lieutenancy. Worse still was to follow, for his own party and his own blood played him false. When his son, a member of Sir Robert Peel's Ministry, became a free-trader with his chief, the irate father opposed his re-election, pointed him out to the electors of South Nottinghamshire as a victim of bad counsel, and ensured



THE BRIDGE.

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his defeat. The Duke maintained his views with unshaken resolve, and declared with genuine conviction: "On looking back to the past I can honestly assert that I repent of nothing that I have done." This habit of mind made him thoroughly disliked by the masses, and the public assumed that his motives were merely personal (he has computed the loss of his borough influence at £200,000), and that his appetite for robbery was insatiable. His friends and his retainers knew him to be a man of high principle and kindly heart. But he mistook his century. The views he held and the objects he struggled for were those of the old Whig aristocracy, and were only suited to the times of the early Georges. He was a survival and was misunderstood. If his unpopularity was somewhat undeserved, still more so was that which beset and almost overwhelmed his son who succeeded him in 1851. He was the Duke of Newcastle who attempted to despatch an army to and maintain it in the Crimea at the time when the triumph of the Manchester School had brought our military organisation down to the lowest point, and had spread the conviction that such a condition was desirable and economically sound. When "something was wrong" it was the War Secretary and not the system that was held to be at fault. He was accused of indolence and indifference. To the former accusation he retorted that the public had had the whole of his time: "Not one hour of amusement or recreation have I presumed to think I was entitled to take." To the latter he

removed valuables, which were soon half buried in the falling snow. The present Duke, who had just come into an encumbered estate, was a lad of fifteen; and to the trustees fell the task of repairing past damage to the estates and to the house, and both tasks they successfully performed. The latter work was put into the hands of Mr. Charles Barry, Sir Charles's successor, and we find that his plans were passed and rebuilding begun in June, 1880. The great classic entrance saloon and its corridors, illustrated in these pages last week, remind one at once of the work which Sir Charles Barry had done forty years before at the Athenaeum Club, and also of the character of the halls designed by such architects as Sir William Chambers and James Paine at the time when Clumber was first built by the first of the Clinton Dukes. As many of the rooms, with their fine plaster ceilings, marble chimney-pieces and general decoration of furniture, escaped the fire, and therefore remain much as they were originally designed and carried out, and as the new portions approach, if they do not exactly imitate, the same style, we are able to describe Clumber rightly as one of the many stately and magnificent palaces still breathing the spirit of Palladio, in which our eighteenth century grandees loved to house themselves, and for whose embellishments they collected the masterpieces of great painters, and for whose furnishing they ordered the highly-finished and beautifully-wrought productions of the first craftsmen, English and foreign, of that polished age. To all this have since been added the wholly appropriate Italian



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THE MAIN TERRACE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

answered that indifference was an improbable condition for a father with two sons at the seat of war. But he was the scapegoat who had to bear the burden of the rottenness and inefficiency which he had found at the War Office and had given his whole soul and strength to overcome. He retired in broken health, and though, a few years later, he served as Colonial Secretary under Lord Palmerston, he never fully recovered, and died suddenly in his chair at Clumber in 1864.

A more entirely conscientious, upright and painstaking man than the fifth Duke cannot be found, and his death, in his fifty-third year, was much regretted. He was succeeded by his son, a very noted sportsman in his day, but of expensive habits, so that he left the estates somewhat encumbered when he died in February, 1879, and a month later came further calamity. A fire broke out and gutted a considerable portion of the house. The centre was practically burnt out, only the bare walls remaining: "18 rooms and a noble staircase rising to the top of the building and ending in a dome, many pictures, china, statues and furniture"—such is the tale of destruction to be read in *The Times* of March 27th, 1879. It is not, however, quite correct. We mentioned last week that there had long been an intention of modifying the labyrinthine character of the central block of the house, and a plan, including a fine dome, had been prepared by Sir Charles Barry, but had not been carried out. The old entrance and staircase, two or three sitting-rooms and many bedrooms, were destroyed by the fire, and lawns and terraces were strewn with hastily

gardens, views of which accompany this article. Set in the midst of its glorious sylvan surroundings it is a splendid and desirable home.

T.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

BEHAVIOUR OF YOUNG PTARMIGAN.

SEVERAL times lately have I been struck by the way in which brood of young ptarmigan scatter when they are flushed. When they are quite small this is noticeable; but just now, when the young birds are nearly as strong on the wing as the mother, it would seem that the parent bird must have great difficulty in getting her brood around her once more. On two occasions recently I put up a brood of ptarmigan in the vicinity of a precipice, and while some of the young birds kept on the plateau, several of the more venturesome spirits flew right over the cliff and disappeared far down the valley below. The mother bird seemed to be trying to keep them together, but without success. Ptarmigan are often extremely tame. Late in the season I flushed a cock bird which would not go any distance, but kept looking back, evidently waiting for his mate. I thought very likely she had a brood near, for when she saw me she would not fly off, but stood about 10 rods away. Ultimately, however, both birds suddenly took wing, and flew right over the hill, showing that they had no young, but were simply disinclined to move far unless obliged to do so. On a warm, sunny August day the mother ptarmigan leads her brood to the banks of a stream, with, perhaps, a field of snow in the vicinity, and there the whole family doze away the hours of sunshine. One such brood which I came upon lately were taken completely

by surprise, but even when they saw me the only one to walk off was the mother bird. There were five or six young, and a charming picture they made as they crouched half asleep on the rocks, or else looked at me inquiringly with necks strained forward. After a few minutes they woke up somewhat, and ultimately flew off, followed by their mother.

A HIGH LARCH TREE.

Some time ago I wrote in these columns of the cutting down of the oldest larch tree in Scotland. Although, probably, not by any means the oldest, the highest larch tree was recently discovered on the Cairngorm Mountains, growing at a height of about 3,000ft. above sea-level. This, I believe, is by far the greatest height at which a larch has been found growing in this country, although in former times the fir forests extended to that height. The birch is also a very hardy tree, which I have found growing about 2,000ft. above the sea, and the mountain-ash about 2,700ft., but I have never before known of a larch growing at these heights.

DEPARTURE OF THE OYSTER-CATCHERS.

The oyster-catchers, which have been with us since early March, have at length taken their departure for the coast. Until quite recently they were at their mountain strongholds in full force, but one evening the migratory impulse seemed to take hold of them, and they flew backwards and forwards, calling very excitedly almost the whole night. As late as August 27th there were a few stragglers left, but I have heard none since then. In many ways the oyster-catcher seems to be a very clever bird. Often on a summer evening a number of these birds will collect together on a field by the river, and play what seems to be a kind of game. Some observers go so far as to state that two of the birds are set apart as umpires; but be that as it may, it is a fact that the flock run backwards and forwards in a very serious way, with heads almost touching the ground, and calling very excitedly. Every now and again they pause somewhat as if to rest, but soon resume their game. It is somewhat doubtful how the oyster-catcher received its name, for to catch oysters surely is no great feat; but to open them is another matter, and the bird is also an adept in forcing limpets off the rocks. During the summer months, when the oyster-catcher is at its nesting haunts, it feeds principally upon worms, and one of the birds may often be seen flying to its young, calling loudly and with an enormous worm dangling from its bill.

SOME BIRD-NOTES AT 1,600FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.

Some time ago, when staying for a few days at a keeper's bothy, some 1,600ft. above the level of the sea, I made some interesting notes on the bird-life to be met with at that height. On the shores of the loch we saw the sandpiper, evidently nesting, as she was very excited when we approached her. One day we noticed a pair of divers flying round the loch at a great altitude, and although they made as if to go down the burn, they always returned to the vicinity of the loch. As the weather was stormy, with a gale from the north, they were very likely only temporary visitors, and the keeper told us that in the autumn flocks of migrating birds often rest on the loch on their journey South, and he has seen the little auk often at that season. On the hillside immediately above the loch, several pairs of common gulls had reared their young, which had reached the stage when they were able to swim easily, but not to fly any distance. The gulls imagined that everyone passing near the nesting site had evil designs on their young, and consequently made a great noise whenever a human intruder appeared on the scene. The parent gulls seemed to find life rather a bore, and stood for hours on the tops of some posts about 10ft. in height. Every now and then they would sail round the keeper's cottage to see if any food had been thrown out for them; but even if they did find some, they were so well fed that they were in no hurry to eat it. As early as 2 a.m. the gulls would begin to call, and very weird was the sound in the dim light of the early morning. Although July was half over, there were red-hank in a bog, still with young, and I noticed another brood of three young birds just able to fly. The oyster-catchers were also there, and were tending half-grown youngsters, while there were numerous lapwing about, and, of course, a great number of grouse. Of smaller birds there were wheatears and meadow-pipits, and an occasional twite. A pair of pied wagtails had their nest in the verandah of the Lodge, and their young were on the point of flying. We had occasional visits from the eagle, and the keeper said he had several times seen what he thought must be a buzzard flying up and down the glen, but we did not have the good fortune to see it.

THE MERLIN.

The merlin is comparatively a rare bird with us in this part of Scotland, owing partly to the war waged against him by the keepers, as the merlin is supposed to be very destructive to young grouse. In the last two years I

have come upon only two nesting merlins, and one of these was in a very wild country where no grouse-preserving is attempted. One cannot easily mistake the alarm note of this little hawk—it is quite unlike the whistling cry of the peregrine falcon or kestrel, and sounds rather like a sharp "cheep, cheep." The hawk makes her nest among long heather, and her eggs somewhat resemble those of the red grouse in colouring, but are much more round in shape. The locality of the nest is frequently betrayed by the droppings on all the stones on that part of the hillside, but the nest itself is often exceedingly difficult to discover. When watching a merlin lately, I was much struck by the extraordinary ease of his flight. A strong breeze was blowing, but he was tacking and shooting against it in very much the same manner as a swift, only that the flight was far more powerful. Occasionally he would soar for some little time motionless against the wind, and then suddenly dart forward like an arrow. It seemed to me that his flight far excelled that of a peregrine or sparrow-hawk, and he appeared as though he could make fairly sure of any prey he wished to capture.

SETON GORDON.

THE RESTORATION OF A HERTFORDSHIRE HOUSE.

HERTFORDSHIRE has suffered less from the march of the encroaching city than other Home Counties. It still retains that sense of quiet restfulness which Charles Lamb found so great a charm there; no perky larches and pines, but stately, well-grown oaks, elms and chestnuts form its woods and shelter its churches and villages. The Garden City has come, it is true, to the north-east of the county, bringing with it new streets and houses—some good, some bad—which cannot settle down into the landscape for years yet, and bringing also a population very foreign in its life



THE CROW-STEPPED GABLE.

and ideas to the true Hertfordshire folk. But that affects a small part only; for the rest, the newcomer mostly settles down in an old house, in place of building, as in Surrey, a new one; falls under the spell of the county, and would fain believe that he, too, is a native.

There are many old houses which would fall into hopeless decay were it not for the fresh blood thus introduced; houses of which the loss would be almost a national one, in so far as they

are witnesses to the men who built them and to the manners and ways of our forbears. It has been well said that the chief glory of a building is in its age; and our new houses, however well arranged—however much in compliance with the local bye-laws, which our rulers have made for our improvement—however closely they may follow in visible things the methods of older times, must wait until the coming and going of the years and generations of men has given them this, their greatest charm—the dignity of age.

An old building may be saved from falling into ruin to meet a worse fate in being "restored," or in being so altered that there is nothing left of the old. Restoration means a replacing of parts decayed, "perished," or removed, and that

the new is rudely done, the oak brushed out with wire brushes and otherwise dealt with to give an appearance of age, sometimes so cleverly that the unwary may be deceived. The fraud is usually found out at last. Notwithstanding that there is so little in a name, the word "repair" has saved us from the temptation to "restore" and from the shame of deceit.

The limits of legitimate alteration again are difficult to define. This generation is as much entitled to write its history in stone or brick as any previous one, and it is rather in how that history is written and in what it consists that we must seek justification or otherwise. For instance, we hope and believe that our customs and our ways of life are purer and better than our ancestors'. In so far as these are reflected in our homes it



THE PARLOUR.

seems so natural and inoffensive a process that we may wonder why everyone nowadays disclaims the term restorer. It is because a restoration rarely stops at the mere replacing of a necessary part which must be renewed if the structure is to stand, but proceeds to the making of a false antique—a forgery as elaborate as any out of Wardour Street or by an East End furniture "faker." From the desire to make the new work harmonise with the old,



THE OLD KITCHEN.



ONLY A FEW YEARS OLD.

would seem legitimate to alter the houses left us to meet such changes, and in doing so to leave a record of what manner of men we also are, provided that in so inscribing our history in brick we do not destroy without cause; that our work is made worthy to rank with the old, not careless, not discordant with the rest. One has seen some old Georgian house of a sweet truthfulness in all its lines, and quite unpretentious in its whole aspect, ruined by the reasonable need of the occupant for that larger measure of sun and air which our conception of life calls for, being expressed in mulioned windows and bays, with wide sheets of plate-glass in the lower parts and cathedral-tinted glass in the upper. It is legitimate to alter many buildings for our reasonable needs, but it is incumbent on those who alter to consider carefully the manner of doing it. The popular conception is that it should harmonise—that it should not be discordant. But that alterations to a house should harmonise with the rest of it, it is not necessary that the alterations should be done by copying various parts of other buildings of the same date. Harmony in building is too subtle a quality to be expressed in simple terms; to secure it we must rather seek to keep our new work in scale with the original, to avoid spoiling the general mass, the grouping, or the colour, than spend ourselves in hunting for precedents, or trying to make our work look as if it were of the same date as the rest of the building.

The Old House at Harmer Green, now the residence of

Mr. W. Dunn, was a building which, to retain its life and usefulness, had to submit to some alteration. Erected about the year 1600, it was a farmhouse in the occupation of the same family for 300 years until it came into the possession of the present owner. Built on a hilltop overlooking the valley of the Mimram—a tributary of the Lea—in a way rather superior

to the ordinary farmhouse, with thick walls of the small brick used in Queen Elizabeth's time, and floors and roofs of English oak used with no niggard hand, long neglect had told upon it. In 1900 the pond in front had crept up to the walls and sapped the foundations; the walls were so cracked that it seemed that the first gale of wind would bring the place down; the floors were out of all level, the windows were "perished" and round the house were tumble-down fences and shanties in great disorder. On the south there had at one time been a small patch of garden, as shown by the overgrown box edging discovered when the wild thicket of weed and briar which had come up there was cleared away; but this extended a few yards only from the house. Southwards still were a few old orchard trees, and then the uncared-for fields began, intersected by deep ditches and hedges enormously overgrown and untrimmed; the whole place was the picture of hopeless decay. But skill and knowledge made a rapid transformation. The pond was confined by a wall of flint; the great chimney on the north-east gable of the house was taken



THE SYCAMORE.

down and rebuilt; the roof was stripped, and the feet of the rafters, which were decaying owing to the soaking of the water, spliced and made sound. As an instance of the treatment to which the house was subjected, we may note that in the roof some fine old panelling was found, which had been used as a sort of gutter to carry off the water. The old tiles were replaced and the crow-stepped gables repaired. These crow-stepped, by the way, which we associate more with Scotland, are found on several old houses in Hertfordshire, introduced, it may be, by some patriotic Scot who preceded or followed in the train of James I. and VI., and finding the land a good one settled down here. The floors, which were as much as 10in. out of level in places, were jacked up; the broad floor-boards of English oak were repaired, the cracks in the walls were made good and the bricks which had perished were replaced by others specially made of the same size as the original bricks, so as, in a technical phrase, to "bond" with them.

The old windows had, originally, moulded oak frames with iron casements, such as still remain in various rooms; but in some these had been replaced by more modern sashes. These modern sashes were themselves in a hopeless condition and had to be replaced. In the room which is now used as the drawing-room, for instance, a double hung sash window had been introduced and one window blocked up. The sashes were rotting and the outside shutters falling off, giving an air of utter neglect to the place. A square bay was put here, and in the smoking-room adjoining, where a similar patchwork window had been put in, a combined door and window was inserted. These changes, with the replacing of the stair, the building up of a door and the subdivision of a small room upstairs to get a bathroom, and so on, were almost the only structural alterations required. The old doors, of various ages, were repaired and left. The doors are mainly of plain oak boards, with very massive oak frames in the walls, which frames are carried all round the door openings and form large steps at the floor level, like the combings which we see in the doors of ship cabins. The latches are of wood, rather suggestive of the pictures of Little Red Riding Hood.

The real change which has been made is in the garden, for out of the neglected fields, the hedgerows and the few orchard trees, a fine shady garden—which now looks as if coeval with the place—has been made in the seven years since it was taken in hand. The ditches were filled up, the natural slope of the field and the rough pasture in it being left. By dint of constant cutting and removal of weeds, a good turf has been obtained. The unkempt hedges were removed and various trees—sycamore and ash—exposed to view. The sycamore tree revealed, when cleared of its mantle of ivy, a most curious natural bracket under a heavy branch, as if Nature had anticipated architects in the manner of support to heavy beams. A rose garden was formed, with stone roofing slate for the paths laid in dry earth by the gardener, and the edges of the plots into which it is divided were made with dwarf lavender—a plant always delightful to look at, and at most times making the place sweet with perfume, though with rather a tendency to grow too freely.

When the tennis court was made, the site had to be levelled, of course, and at the change in level some steps and a low wall were made of soft red sandstone from Sandy, a few miles to the northward. These steps and wall, also built in dry earth, have made the most kindly bed for every sort of sedum, saxifrage, campanula, etc., and behind, the broom and cistus make a brave show in their season. The whole garden now—so few years after it was taken in hand—is an object-lesson to those who think that a garden takes a generation to come to perfection.

Granted that the few old orchard trees, with all the glory of the blossom in spring-time, and the sycamore and the ash trees in the hedgerow were there to form the backbone of it, the sloping lawn, the rose garden and rock wall are things of yesterday, yet already perfect in a simple way, as they might have been ere the former occupants fell on evil days and suffered the place to go to ruin.

When the house was sold in 1900, the old furniture was sold with it. In the dining-room—formerly called the parlour—stood the original long and stout oak table with beautifully-turned legs, and several stools (also in oak) of the same date as the house, the oak blackened by age and a thousand feasts. The floor of this parlour was, by the way, of tiles about 12in. square and 2in. thick, and sunk to a waving surface like the marble pavement of St. Mark's; this floor has been repaired in places, but still does duty. Throughout the house were fine examples of furniture from Jacobean times onward, but nearly all sadly injured—minus a leg or an arm, or with split panels or buckled veneering. Collectors and dealers came from far and near, and sad, indeed, it was to see things that in their day had been a pride and a joy to some older generation being scattered among strangers.

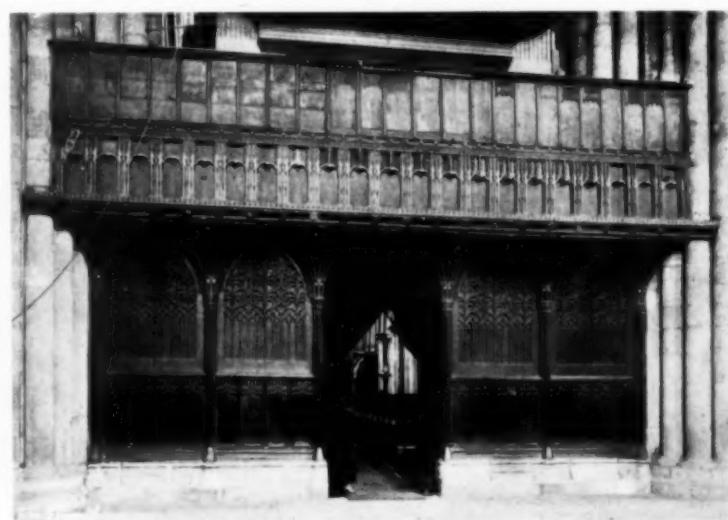
Of historical interest attached to the place there seems none. Its occupants were born, married and died; lived their lives unknown to fame, but, perhaps, none the less usefully for their country. No warrior or poet, no well-known statesman or

divine has been born here or even lived here, so far as we know. Mr. George Bernard Shaw, during his tenancy four years ago, wrote one or two of his plays in the house, or under the trees in the garden; but Mr. Shaw's fame is too near at hand for us to judge him aright.

And now the old house seems to have entered on a new era of quiet home life, which, with houses as with men, may be the happiest; making no display of architectonic finery to catch the notice of the passer-by, but content in "its sincere and innocent purpose, its strong common-sense and principle, and all the strength which comes of these and all the grace that follows on that strength."

THE HEXHAM ABBEY SCREEN.

THE photographs shown will show to readers exactly what has been done at Hexham Abbey in reference to its screen. They will have seen much about it in the Press recently, and will remember that the church, of which only the choir had been used for public worship, has had a new nave built on to it, and that the whole of it is now used as the parish church. The general work of rebuilding and renovation had met with more approval than is usual in such cases, from those well qualified to judge, until Mr. Aymer Vallance, in *The Times* of August 18th, fell foul of the architects' treatment of the screen. Mr. Vallance is a man of taste, and he has made a special study of screens and rood-lofts. I, for one, sympathise with his standpoint and pay attention to his opinions. But while agreeing with a good deal of what he wrote in his *Times* letter, I must conclude, after a careful review of the whole case, that Mr. Temple Moore and Mr. C. Hodges, the architects in question, have really done the best that could be done under the circumstances. Broadly speaking, I would lay down this principle: That all surviving ancient buildings are part of the nation's heritage, and are valuable records of its historic as well as of its architectural past. They should be kept in structural repair, and neither the fabric nor the detail should be tampered with under the plea of restoration, if that word is to be twisted into including unnecessary new work. Therefore, as trustees of the ecclesiastical section of our old buildings, the authorities of the Church should act with the utmost circumspection and restraint. They should be more careful than they hitherto have been in the matter of small, constant repairs, and less avaricious in destroying what they find and replacing it with fancy imitations. At the same time, it must be remembered that our churches are mostly buildings in use, and were they not in use the money essential for their upkeep and preservation would not be forthcoming. They are not mere museum specimens. They are part of the nation's present as well as of the nation's past. This makes the problem of their proper treatment difficult, but not insoluble. There must be give and take. They should be made attractive to worshippers, but the worshippers should be imbued with the right view of what is attractive. Medieval churches were meant for mediæval forms of worship, and their attractiveness largely lies in this. For all the forms of worship of the Calvinist school of thought a great open square hall is best suited. No alteration of a mediæval church will make it satisfactory for this purpose, while every alteration will make it less



THE SCREEN BEFORE THE RECENT ALTERATIONS.

satisfying to those whose nature makes them demand something of ceremony and of mystery in religious services. That is why the reckless clearing out that was fashionable some time ago, and led to such disastrous results at Durham, Salisbury and many other of our cathedrals, was not merely objectionable, but was also foolish. Mr. Vallance, therefore, is abundantly right in inveighing against "the lurch for vistas." But does this apply to Hexham? It appears that it was essential to the modern religious life of this town that the old church of the monks should once more assume its full size as originally planned and be used as the chief church of the laity of the place. It was to be not a monastic, but a parish church. Even in mediæval times there was a distinction between the two. In the former the portions, such as the choir, used by the religious were entirely shut off so far as vision was concerned. In the

latter, so important was it that worshippers should, at right moments, get glimpses of the altar that even the piers of the chancel arch were often perforated with squints. Abbey churches had solid screens, parish churches had theirs of open tracery; and had the Hexham Church been transferred, 400 years ago, from one use to the other, the solid screen would not have been left as it was. What, then, was to be done to-day? Until now, the choir alone having been used as a parish church, the solid screen erected by Prior Smithson in or about the year 1500 remained. It was of the highest artistic and archaeological interest. It was the only example of a solid screen in wood, all other surviving examples being of stone. Did the practical exigencies of the change that was being made, of using the whole edifice as the parish church of a rapidly-increasing population, demand the total removal of this screen from the position which alone gave it effective value and antiquarian merit? Many thought so, but not among these, luckily, were Messrs. Temple Moore and Hodges. They insisted upon its retention *in situ*, and they were perfectly right. But the church authorities insisted upon the choir and the altar being seen—in some measure at least—by the congregation in the nave. They also were right; they were merely demanding that the ancient practice of the church should be observed. Here was clearly a case where compromise was the only way out of the difficulty. Any tampering with Prior Smithson's screen was regrettable; but tampering there must be, and the clever thing was to minimise it. Therefore the architects advised the removal of four singularly ugly and annoying pitch pine panels which had been recently inserted into the oak screen on its inner or choir side, and the hinging of the original traceried panels which are on the outer or nave side of the screen. During service the panels fold back and the choir is revealed as seen in the accompanying photograph. At all other times the panels are closed and, except for the slightly perceptible line of cleavage caused by the vertical splitting of the two end panels to allow of the one half opening, no change is apparent. The removal from above the frontal of the loft of a stretch of panelling, old and interesting indeed, but only recently placed there and totally contrary to the old uses and arrangement of the screen, was a quite proper proceeding, and this panelling, painted with dimly discernible figures, has now been put where it can be seen. One other change had to be made, and that was certainly open to objection. The rood-loft was originally approached by a spiral stone staircase within the screen. To enable the panels to open, this has been entirely removed. I am very



THE ALTERED SCREEN, SHOWING THE PANELS OPEN.

sorry for it. It is an unoubted loss. It lessens the value of the screen as a perfect example of old uses and old arrangements. But I am reluctantly forced to admit that there were full and adequate reasons for using the whole church as a parish church, and that that being so, the architects were justified in their action. Nor am I moved from this position by Mr. St. John Hope's letter in *The Times* of the 11th inst. The instances, on which he rightly animadverts, of opening up screens and then glazing the openings, were in cathedral and not in parish churches. Moreover, he is scarcely justified in saying that Hexham Abbey has been "similarly maltreated," since the solid panels have not been removed and glass has not been introduced. The comparison is incorrect in every particular, and Mr. St. John Hope, on his own showing has nothing whatever to say against what the Hexham architects have done. Therefore, far from churlish and ill-founded criticism, I wish to thank them for the right spirit they have shown, and to praise them for the skilful way in which they retained the essential character and features of the screen and rood-loft.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

LITERATURE.

THE COMMON-SENSE OF SPIRITUALISM.

Ocultism and Common-sense, by Beckles Willson. (T. Werner Laurie.)

IT is not many years since those interested in psychic phenomena, or occultism (since the word spiritualism has dropped into such disrepute), rejoiced to read that remarkable work, "Human Personality," by Frederick Myers. The book was published in two substantial volumes, and was made up for the most part of well-attested cases of instances proving the existence of some sense or some force not then recognised by the scientific world. This sixth sense, as it came to be called, was defined by the Psychical Research Society to be the action of mind acting on mind without the aid of the recognised organs of perception, and has latterly been very generally accepted under the title of telepathy. But Mr. Myers went further; he showed that there were many *bond-fide* psychic experiences, trivial enough in themselves, for which telepathy alone could not account; experiences which could only be explained by the admission of the survival of human personality after death. This is the crucial point of occult science, and it was to find an affirmative answer to the question lying at the root of all this investigation, Can the living world get into communication with incarnate human beings, that the book was written. Psychic phenomena are for the present incapable of scientific proof. They are outside the range of scientific method, and our only means of getting information is after the empiric fashion of the alchemists. Thanks to the Psychical Research Society, trustworthy evidence is fast accumulating. Mr. Willson's book is of no value as contributing to our knowledge of these facts. His cases are the old stock cases; his evidence is the well-attested evidence of such authorities as Mr. Myers, Dr. Hodgson, Sir Oliver Lodge and Alfred Russel Wallace. He writes as an open-minded enquirer, simply laying before the reader his investigation of the various groups of psychic phenomena that have come under his notice. He arranges and sifts his evidence and leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions. He will convince no one who is not already sure or strongly inclined to be sure that these things are. On the other hand, he admirably sums up and classifies the puzzling mass of information that we already have. The difficulty is to distinguish these occurrences which we may rightly consider due to telepathy from the supernatural, for which we have no other explanation than that they are the actions of incarnate human beings. It is a subject of such intense interest, not to say vital importance, that it is unfortunate that our patience is overtaxed by the mass of inconsequent evidence continually quoted; there is rarely a case that is not in itself trivial, yet these are our only proofs of the immortality of our personality. When we think of it the general indifference towards the whole subject of occultism is astounding, and is surely due to the difficulty of treating seriously such things as the levitation of Mr. Home, so that he can float round the

room six feet from the ground, or the spirit "control" of Mr. Somebody else by a "Nellie" or "Katie." These things may be true, or they may be tricks, they seem too foolish to matter, so the scoffers dismiss the subject as clever conjuring at best. But Mr. Willson treats his subject frankly; he does not fail to show up the frauds or to suggest every possible natural means to account for his phenomena. He remembers to remain an outsider to the end, and passes under review without distinction hypnotism, clairvoyance, dreams, mediums, divining rods and a number of other manifestations of the occult. In everything he presses telepathy to its furthest limits, he seems to make it the working hypothesis of every manifestation not otherwise accounted for, yet in the end he has to admit that "no metaphysical theory has ever been formulated that will account for these manifestations save one—the survival of the human personality after death." A belief in the occult, though rarely consciously formulated as such, is very general. It is universal probably in the primitive races, in simple uncultivated peoples, where it often degenerates into slavish superstition; rarest in the matter-of-fact Englishman; frequent in those sufficiently cultivated to realise that the attitude of those closest in touch with Nature is generally right, and common enough in the Southern, Eastern and Celtic races. There is an instinctive recognition that in all probability there lies round us a region, not open to experimental observation as we are ordinarily able to apply it, but as truly "real" as anything for which we have scientific proof; but we fear to or are not able to gratify our curiosity concerning it. Death is a mystery, and we dare not try to pull the veil aside. Most of all the guardians of our religion jealously guard their claim to the whole field of the supernatural. Yet surely psychical research might well go hand in hand with the Church when every blow struck at materialism is a blow struck in the cause of religion.

M. M.

LITERARY NOTES.

IN the little book, *Birds of the Loch and Mountain* (Cassell), Mr. Seton P. Gordon presents us with a perfectly charming picture of the bird-life in the northern regions of these islands. But he makes no attempt to include every species which may be met with in these wild spots; his aim has been rather to describe the haunts and habits of the most characteristic birds which find in them a tolerably secure abiding-place. Naturally, the golden eagle occupies the pride of place, and he has much that is interesting to say of this fine bird. He writes, indeed, with enthusiasm on this theme, and it is, therefore, a little surprising that he should dwell with exaggerated and unnecessary emphasis on the harm these birds are supposed to inflict on grouse moors. Our native fauna has suffered too much already from blind and ill-timed interference with the balance of Nature, and this is especially true in the case of some of our most

interesting birds. It is time, therefore, that a serious effort was made to combat the errors on which this destruction has been based. As might be expected, grouse, ptarmigan and capercailzie obtain a full share of recognition. Indeed, he notes some interesting details of their life history which we do not remember to have seen recorded previously. His essays on the woodcock, golden plover, dipper and sandpiper, to select a few species at random from among those of his choice, are all most readable. Not the least important feature of this volume is that provided by the *camera*. Mr. Gordon is an expert photographer, and he has obtained some beautiful pictures wherewith to enliven his delightful pages.

The following notes come from a resident in Russia: The celebration of the eightieth birthday of Tolstoy passed off with probably less excitement in Russia than in any other country. Tolstoy received his thousands of congratulations from all parts of the world, and the testimony to his worldwide fame is one of the most interesting additions to modern literary history. It is the more interesting in view of the fact that the great writer is unknown to more than half of his own countrymen. Even within a few versts of the Tolstoy home, one may ask, "How is the great Tolstoy?" and the mediaeval bungler of these parts will scratch his head and ask, "Who did you say—Tolstoy? Who is he, a dancer? Don't know him, never heard of him." Those who read Tolstoy are in the cities, the great following so much spoken of is one made up of representatives from all parts of the Russian Empire. I deed, it is a matter of wonder to regard this great Russian with his ten million friends and ten million enemies and the hundred million who scarcely know his name. And Tolstoy is the peasant's friend.

If the Russian Government permitted men like General Booth to live, Tolstoy would have had a Salvation Army of his own. He would have opposed in every town a white hundred to the black hundred. He would have converted all the heroes of Gorky's novels. He would have blown the mighty rushing wind upon the inner fervour of Holy Russia's superstition and piety till the whole empire glowed in the full glory of feeling itself the one remaining Christian country. But Russia remains a frozen country. Jack Frost and the Tsar are in alliance, and the Russian flesh is

kept in ice. Russia is the one supremely healthy country in Europe. It is not civilised enough for Tolstoy: it is Europe with its bad conscience which needed him and which at the suggestion of the Russian proscription made a hero of him. And the civilised Russian finds Tolstoy evil-smelling, and but for the *courage* would gladly be rid of him by Siberia or death. So the admirers, the literary and revolutionary society, the outcasts of imperial favour, swell the cry which is taken up in every capital in Europe—"Hail to the greatest man in Europe!" They say so and so it is so—for them. *Vox populi* . . .

Books about Carlyle are numerous enough to fill a library by themselves and yet there was plenty of room for that which Mr. R. S. Craig has written under the title *The Making of Carlyle* (Eveleigh Nash). We should judge from internal evidence that the author belongs to the same nationality as his subject, as he has a very complete insight into the conditions of rural life in Scotland at the time when Carlyle was a boy. One wonders, however, why it is that he is so frugal of facts about Ecclefechan. In the ballads and folk-lore of Scotland the place is very frequently mentioned, and justice is not done to its history by saying that it is a village remote from central and metropolitan influences. Mr. Craig's principal fault as a writer is that he is prone to the terrific fiction as, for instance, when he says that the birth of his hero came unheralded and unannounced. Who on earth was going to herald or announce the birth of a cottier's son in Scotland, and to go on about it being an epoch-making event, etc., in exactly the style of writing Carlyle himself would have abhorred. What was wanted was a closer and simpler attention to the influences that made Carlyle: what he was, and this required chiefly study of the Scottish peasantry. That was the blood that Thomas came of, and he remained a peasant to the end of his existence. But the story of his birth, of his education, of his early struggles as schoolmaster and pleasant days with Edward Irving make reading that is as fascinating as any novel possibly could be. Mr. Craig, in spite of the fault to which we have alluded, has made an able, conscientious and highly interesting study of one who was undoubtedly the foremost Scotsman of his day.

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE BLACKPOOL TOURNAMENT.

GOLF is a queer game. This is a remark of profundity, if not of the first originality, and it is suggested once again by the result of the professional competition at Blackpool. It was an occasion which attracted all the great men. It was also an occasion for the triumph of Massy, really a very notable triumph. He beat Harry Vardon (who has shown unmistakable signs of late, beating Pratt twice over, of coming to his own form again) in the semi-final and Taylor in the final, winning both matches decisively enough. Vardon he beat by five and four, Taylor by three and two. And yet, doing such great things, he was within a single stroke of not even having the opportunity to do one of them, for he only arrived at the tournament stage of the proceedings at all, only survived the qualifying test by score, by dint of beating by a single stroke, and after a tie, T. Simpson for the fourth and last place. Herd must have played magnificently in this scoring affair, for on a day of very high wind, with rounds of 72 and 69, he left the rest of the field nowhere. Braid equalled his score in the morning, but taking 77 to his afternoon round, failed, very conspicuously, to qualify. No other man in the afternoon had a round nearly as good as Herd's. Yet on the morrow he went down before Taylor in the semi-final, though only by a single hole. Braid and Simpson had some compensations for their sorrows in coming in equal first for some consolation stakes given for the vanquished on the first day; and if it is Massy who has picked up most of the guerdon that glitters at Blackpool, I almost think that Simpson has acquired even more of the yet more splendid glory. He has twice proved himself dangerous to the

strongest possible opponents, and his name stands a full step higher than before this competition.

J. ROWE IN SUSSEX.

The game did not look nearly so queer at Crowborough, where the Sussex professionals were at work at the same time, to find out who was to be their county champion for the year. Yet there was some queer golf played, and there was much excuse for it, for this Crowborough course is set up high, like a beacon (it is only a foot or two lower than the famous Crowborough Beacon itself), and lies exposed to all the winds that blow; and the west wind, which is the strongest of them all, was at its worst on the first day of the meeting. The same player, however, J. Rowe of the Ashdown Forest Club, both headed the scoring list, by many strokes on the first day, and also headed both his opponents in match play by big margins on the second. This shows a consistency of result that is not often seen in golf. If it were, the game would cease to be queer—a vast pity. Rowe, it is to be noted, is receiving the distinction of being styled "Jack" Rowe by the reporting papers, and this is almost as clear a mark of fame as it is for a statesman to have his face caricatured in the comic papers. It is not to be claimed that the field opposed to Rowe was quite to be compared with that in which Massy was engaged; but his score of 74 in the final was worth all the fame that the use of the familiar form of his baptismal name implies. He has been playing very fine golf for many months—better than he has ever played before, perhaps, and that is saying much.

THE SOUTH OF IRELAND CHAMPIONSHIP.

The gale raged as furiously over Lahinch, the scene of the South of Ireland championship,



MR. J. L. LOW, AN IDEAL REFEREE.

play, as ever it did at Crowthorpe or at Blackpool on the first day of that tournament. Previously to the tournament Mr. Aitken had shown his form in winning a scoring competition, and Mr. Graham of Lytham and St. Anne's had also done well; but the latter fell to Mr. Cairnes in the very first round of the tournament. Mr. Cairnes himself, however, only survived one other round and was rather unexpectedly beaten by Mr. Walkinshaw, a golfer hailing from Shanghai, though his name is classically associated with a certain bunkery "grave" in the most classical of all courses. Mr. Aitken continued to go strongly, and may have been relieved of some anxiety by seeing the defeat of Mr. Grant, the American player who had defeated both him and Mr. Aphor in one day in the Irish championship at Newcastle, knocked out by Mr. Bond of the Hinehead Club. This was not, however, till the nineteenth hole was played, and in the next round Mr. Bond himself fell to Mr. Gannon. The later stages of the tournament were played out in conditions of weather which were in very pleasant contrast with those of the opening days. It is perhaps hardly to be said that a player whose game is already so well known as Mr. Aitken's added at all to the honours he has acquired by selection as a representative amateur of Scotland and in many other fields; but certainly Mr. Gannon's was a very good performance, adding yet another to the names of the amateurs who have to be reckoned with, for until now we do not remember that he has made his mark in public records.

HARRY VARDON'S
RECOMPENSE.

It is evident that Harry Vardon will very soon be ready again for a call from the burglar. A kindly generosity, appreciative of his merits and his loss, seems likely to make the latter fully good. The United States Golf Association is going to give him a replica of the medal he won in the American open championship in 1900. The South Herts Club has charge of a testimonial fund to replace his British-won medals and the specie, or at least some of it, which the enterprising burglar made away with. It is only to be hoped that when this gentleman repeats his call, Harry Vardon will be at home, awake, and with the niblick ready at hand to receive him.

EAST AND WEST.

Perhaps there was something not quite right with the players, but very certainly there was much that was wrong with the weather when at Westward Ho! out of a field of nearly 120 players for the Hope Grant medal the best score was 92, at which Mr. Bell and Mr. Weaver tied. The same gale, which afflicted nearly all the golfers of the island, was, no doubt, in favour of Mr. A. H. Read and Mr. Joshua at Sheringham, who won the club's foursome tournament, though starting from the back mark of all. Their final win was a very easy one, but the semi-final tie they only won with a hard struggle on the nineteenth green. Mr. Read was handicapped to owe three, and Mr. Joshua was scratch.

ST. ANDREWS IN AUGUST.

I am afraid it is no use trying to disguise from ourselves that golf at St. Andrews in the high summer is not what it used to be, and probably it never again can be what it was until the powers in whose hands these things lie can harden their hearts and stiffen their necks to impose a charge for play by all who are not members of the Royal and Ancient Club or ratepayers in the town on the old course. That is my way of thinking, at least. There are now a multitude of various sexes and sizes who possess this classic course of which they are quite unable to appreciate the beauties, and the argument, as I understand it, of some of those opposed to putting a charge on the old course is that it would be for the disadvantage of the town, because it would

discourage the influx of those tourists who thus keep the serious golfer off the course. But would it be for the disadvantage of the town? That is the question to which those who are wise give a very different answer. For they say that it is of no advantage whatever to the town that this class of people should come in and occupy the cheap lodgings, while they make the chief attraction of the place — its incomparable links — impossible for the better class who are being driven away and are ceasing to take the good houses and good rooms. The latter would spend money in the shops, for the town's good, the former spend next to nothing. This is all, of course, a basely financial argument, quite unworthy of the dignity of the master that it is all about, but unfortunately the financial argument is one which appears to have weight.

MR. J. L. LOW.

Everybody falls into a good humour directly Mr. Low gets up to make an after-dinner speech, and the reason is that Mr. Low's speeches themselves are always bubbling over with so much excellent good humour that there is enough of it for everybody to have a little. As a golfer, Mr. Low has done great things. Was he not in the final of the amateur championship with Mr. Hilton, and did he not wear that Englishman down to all even and two to play after he had stood three down at the end of the first round? Then Mr. Low is chiefly responsible for the creation of that Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society which has carried the light of high thinking and fine golfing into many barbarous places — to America, to Ireland, even to Scotland. In golf Mr. Low has ever been a Tory of the Tories, putting with the old wooden putter, and putting wonderfully well, preaching the cult of the foursome to a

world that cared only for singles and the match to people that had made an idol of the scoring-card. It is not very easy to estimate the value of Mr. Low's service in resisting these modern tendencies, which were going to a mud length. As a golfer his strength is in the short game; no man is better within 60 yards of the hole. He has a belief in salvation by a multiplicity of shots, and can play most of them himself; but he seems to have a trouble about getting his ball into the air, perhaps because he has rather a flat, sweeping swing, and in consequence is more formidable on such comparatively level courses as St. Andrews and Hoylake than on such as Sandwich and Prestwick, where the golf is an affair chiefly of carry and of little run.

MR. H. W. FORSTER, M.P.

Mr. H. W. Forster is Conservative Whip in the House of Commons and, with the possible exception of Mr. Frank Newnes, the strongest golfer on either side of the House. He is also, with very few exceptions in a wider world, the golfer with the most graceful style. This being so, he is, at the same time, a living object-lesson in the untruth of the proposition "that golf cannot be learnt from a book." Mr. Forster's way of learning golf, which he did not enter upon until after he had left off rowing for Cambridge, was to practise the swing before a looking-glass with the "Badminton" Golf volume. He did not allow himself the luxury of hitting at a ball until he had confirmed himself by sedulously swinging for a fortnight at the empty air. Few men have the perseverance for such a course, but those few have their reward. Mr. F. S. Jackson, another reformed cricketer, is said to be one who devoted himself to the same study, with a similarly successful result. When not occupied with whipping his party Mr. Forster is playing golf at St. Andrews, where he spends the autumn vacation. It almost goes without saying, of a man who could learn it as he did, that he has the identical temperament for the game.

H. G. H.



THE KASHMIR CUP AT WESTWARD HO!

In former years the competition for the Kashmir Cup at Westward Ho!—the St. George's Vase of the West—was held at the Easter Meeting, and in those years when the Royal Liverpool Club and the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society played against the Royal North Devon Club the entry was a very good one. Now the competition is always held in September, and it is doubtful if the change of date is for the better from the "entry" point of view. But the links are in finer condition at this season of the year than they are in the early spring, and the winds are less likely to be so terrible. It was very pleasant to see the success of Mr. Fowler in this year's competition. Mr. Fowler was in excellent form in the championship at Sandwich, and his victory at Westward Ho! is not surprising. One would be inclined to say that his was the victory of a veteran were it not for the well-known fact that no one at Westward Ho! is regarded as a veteran unless he has reached the ripe age of eighty. But, though he is not a veteran, Mr. Fowler probably knows Westward Ho! as well as any of its octogenarians, and has been largely instrumental in bringing about the recent improvements in the course, especially where the sporting character of several holes has hitherto been somewhat spoilt by the flukiness of the rushes as a hazard. For several of the single rushes—those wicked spoils of many a medal score—have been destroyed, while the dull character of some of the old holes, such as the third, twelfth and thirteenth, has been entirely changed. Probably the links is a stroke or two easier in consequence. Braid, of course, went round in 69 strokes a few weeks ago, but Braid at his best is hardly human.

CONCERNING STYMIES.

While there has been and will continue to be much criticism in respect of the proposed new rules, there is also some amount of feeling in regard to certain of the old rules which have not met with any alteration whatsoever at the hands of the Rules Committee. One of the latter is the rule respecting stymies. There can be but few golfers who seriously consider stymies to be a satisfactory feature of the game, and the Anti-Stymie League has in consequence many supporters. But the total abolition of the stymie is hardly desirable, since it would mean much lifting of the ball on the part of the player who is nearest to the hole, and also nearly as much replacing of the ball; and it is to this replacing of the ball that so much objection has rightly been raised. But there does not seem any adequate reason why the suggested rule, of which it is believed the late Freddy Tait was a supporter, should not be adopted. This rule was to the effect that, on the green, A, who is furthest away from the hole, can, if he likes, cause B to lift his ball, on the understanding that B, if he is required to do this, is given the next putt, which he would otherwise have had to play. Of course, the present rule, in cases where the balls are less than 6 in. apart, would still hold good. As an instance of what is meant, suppose A's ball is 8 ft. off the hole and B's ball 3 ft. off on the direct line that A wishes to play his putt; then A would probably make B lift his ball, knowing that, if B does this, he will have an 8 ft. putt for the hole only. The great advantage of this rule is that the ball that is lifted is never replaced, while the objectionable cases, where a ball lying

dead stymies the other ball, will disappear. Moreover, it is perfectly clear that stymies in cases where both balls are a certain distance away from the hole will still continue to exist. It does seem, therefore, somewhat of a pity that at a time when so much alteration is taking place in the rules governing the game, some rule of this nature is not adopted, since it is a good compromise between the existing rule and that which totally abolishes the stymie. While it would be a pleasant sop to the Anti-Stymie League, it would not, or rather should not, prove too much of a shock to those conservative golfers who dread alterations being made in such a time-honoured feature of the game as the stymie. Those who are in favour of the permanent retention of the present rule and who like to see the player have a chance of showing the skill with which he can loft, screw round or run through his opponent's ball, will do well to recollect that in the vast majority of cases a hole is unjustly won or lost, as the case may be, through the laying of a stymie, and that under the suggested rule stymies will still continue to exist, though only in their less objectionable form. One great feature of the present rules is that in match competitions players "cannot exclude the operation of any rule under the penalty of disqualification"; so that there will be no danger in future of seeing a match played in the amateur championship, or any other match competition, where the two competitors have agreed to play without stymies. That is as it should be, though whether it is right to retain the present stymie rule is altogether another question.

THE NATIONAL GOLF LINKS OF AMERICA.

From all accounts the new American links, in connection with which Mr. Macdonald was over here two years ago, is progressing favourably. This is good news, since up to the present time the best links in America, though possessing that excellence which is to be found on some of the best inland courses on this side of the Atlantic, are somewhat lacking in the essential characteristics of first-class seaside links. But the new links, which is being laid out on the sand-dunes near Shinnecock Hills in Long Island, should be as good a test of golf as the most fastidious golfer could desire. As is well-known, they are being constructed on the "ideal" plan, and before very long the American golfer will be playing over the duplicates of such famous holes as the High Hole and Road Hole—or ought the latter to be called the Hole of Leslie?—at St. Andrews, the Redan at North Berwick, the Alps at Prestwick and others. With regard to the first-mentioned hole it is stated that there is to be a water hazard between the tee and the hole, so as to compel the player to pitch on the green with high-lofted iron shot. It is to be hoped that the position of this hazard, which according to the account is considered to be an improvement on the hole as laid out at St. Andrews, will not compel the playing of only one type of shot. For one of the chief merits of this famous and singularly difficult hole is that it admits of the playing of several kinds of shots. Perhaps, however, the water hazard is situated so as to interfere only with the topped shot, and not with some of those beautiful low-running iron shots which are characteristic of St. Andrews. If an improvement is needed, it might be desirable to make the bunker on the left of the green somewhat shallower than the original one; it frequently happens that the player who gets into "Hill" has no chance of recovery.

F. H. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SUNDAY FERRETING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder whether any of your readers have heard of, or at any time practised, this gentle art, and if I may, through your paper, be the happy introducer of it to those to whom it may be as yet unknown? Almost anyone can play it; all that is needed is the sporting spirit, the proximity of mice and some bumble bees. These latter, when obtained, should be placed in a paper box or other convenient receptacle, taken to the mice place and one or more of them let loose into the hole, as is done in sterner ferreting. Profit and pleasure are often the result.—LILFORD.

A COUNTY COUNCIL ENQUIRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—All county councils are not like that of Cambridgeshire; all chairmen are not like Mr. Fordham. If they were, the enquiry I was at, and described in your columns, doubtless would not have taken place. Still, I doubt, if the legality of interviewing before enquiry was to be questioned, what a Court would say. Applicants have, as Mr. Fordham says, their remedy; but is it desirable to drive them to it? The approval of the Board of Agriculture does not make proceedings legal. It is fortunate it does not, as, if it did, some very questionable things would be made legal. Mr. Fordham says the Commissioner attended an enquiry. Doubtless he did; but he carefully avoids saying if the Commissioner attended the investigations preceding the enquiry. As to the rules, if land is promised to applicants before it is obtained, and the applicant has to ballot for it when obtained, as provided by the rules, are they not contravened if the promise is not kept? Can Mr. Fordham point to any rules the Board of Agriculture has approved in which the ballot is dispensed with? I still should be glad to know what steps eligible applicants who cannot get land take in Cambridgeshire. Are they content to rest in hope, or do they say that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick"? Being not a chairman of a county council, but a mere Inquirer, I am interested to know the present position, and not to wait for the next year or two. Even in Cambridgeshire life is short; should hope be more?—INQUIRER.

CATS' AGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest your correspondents to know that we have a Royal Siamese cat nine years old last spring. I have been told that at the Zoo they cannot keep these cats alive longer than six months. Our cat when it came brought instructions as to its diet and management which would have entailed an attendant for itself alone. I remarked he must take his chance;

he has whatever he likes to eat, principally underdone cold beef, he goes out when he likes, is an inveterate poacher, killing many young rabbits, also rats and mice, and rejoices in lying among kettles and pans on the hot plate. I should be glad to know if many Siamese cats reach this age. About two years ago we had to have his fangs nipped shorter, as they were growing into his lips.—E. CARLETON COWPER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The oldest cat I ever saw was said to be thirty years of age. I believe the statement was true; it was a patriarchal but ghastly object, a gaunt striped old Tom. I do not agree with you that sixteen years is "a great age." We have had two who reached it; I think it is about the usual span. Barring accidents, the average length of cat life is longer than that of dogs, with the exception of collies. Collies age quickly, but they drag on many years beside the kitchen hearth. I have known two, aged nineteen years and twenty years. It is a doubtful kindness to keep any old pet so long. The oldest dog I ever heard of was a little Skye terrier bitch, which belonged to the late John Bright; it only died within the last few years. I do not remember its exact age, but I think it was twenty-two or twenty-three years. Hutch rabbits are seldom good in constitution, but they occasionally live to fourteen years. I have a tame wild rabbit eight years old, who shows not the least trace of old age yet. White mice, again, are delicate, and live about twelve months; but tamed wild mice (house or field mice) live between three and four years.—NORTH LANCs.

"THE OLD WHITE HORSE WANTS ZETTIN' TO 'RIGHTS.'

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read the letter of Mr. Hughes in your issue of September 12th and am much interested in what he says, having known the "White Horse" all my life from the distance of the railway carriage window. I shall be very glad to add my quota to any public subscription if such a thing were started, which I hope may be the case, as it would be a very great pity to lose sight of the old monument entirely.—H. H. P. BOUVERIE.

[We have received other letters to the same effect.—ED.]

THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF BIRD-LIFE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We gather from the list of grants of money made for the furtherance of scientific work by the British Association that an attempt, at least, is to be made to tackle the problem of the economic status of our native birds in a scientific fashion. Financial aid is, we believe, also to be given by the Board of Agriculture. But we know, as yet, nothing of the scale of work planned,

nor of those to whom this work has been entrusted, save only that the British Association grant was made to Mr. A. E. Shipley of Cambridge—a name which inspires confidence. Yet we cannot help wishing that the Board of Agriculture would do its duty, and establish, on a sound financial footing, a staff of specialists for this work on the model of the American Bureau of Agriculture, or the similar institutions in Austria and Hungary. The importance of this work few seem to realise; and fewer still appear to grasp the fact that it can only inspire confidence when carried out on strictly impartial lines and with the most rigorous methods of research and analysis. Satisfactory results will never be, and can never be, obtained cheaply and at haphazard, and yet after this fashion the Board of Agriculture has been muddling along for years. So far all that it has done is to issue a series of leaflets that for sheer stupidity would be hard to beat. But, besides the economic, there is also an indirect issue involved, which is commonly lost sight of; and this concerns the strictly scientific and also the aesthetic aspect of the study and conservation of bird-life. This, to-day, is absolutely ignored—we say it to our shame. Great efforts are being made, and wisely, to preserve from extinction the wild fauna of the distant parts of our Empire; meanwhile, at home, the work of extermination goes ruthlessly on. Irresponsible people brand such and such birds or beasts as "vermin," and their death warrant is thenceforth sealed; and yet more harm than most people realise is attending this process of extinction. Though we pride ourselves on our notions of sport, this word is but too often used as a cant phrase, a cloak to cover greed.—W. P. P.

THE LLANGIBBY HOUNDS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR.—The enclosed photograph is of the Llangibby hounds being exercised during the summer in swimming the river Usk, a thing they are frequently called on to do as a matter of business during the hunting season. The men in the punt are the new M. F. H., Mr. Humphrey Madsworth, and "Cuarie" the huntsman.—C. G.

FIREPLACE PROBLEM.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR.—I happened to notice in your issue of August 8th, under "Correspondence," an enquiry about a large open fireplace, which, on being used with a dog-grate, smokes. Trouble is often met with such fireplaces, and if there is not an actual blow-down, I am certain this particular fireplace could be made to go and still keep its present character. I have had a deal of experience with similar fireplaces, and the principal fault I have found to be in the chimney. The large opening, or recess, which your correspondent says is on the left, and, I take it, above the actual fireplace opening, will act, to a certain extent, as a damper, for it will be filled with cold air and counteract the draught. Have this filled up, and see that the chimney slopes nicely and largely up from the fireplace opening. If this is an old house, the chimney will be built, and most likely some of the building will have come away. Should another chimney of a different fireplace run up alongside of the chimney in question, there will be building between the two, which, in Scotland, is called the bridging. This may be broken, leaving a hole between the two; and if this is the case, it will stop the draught entirely. I have found it do so even with a modern grate. Have the chimney examined thoroughly, and any such defects put right. The heath might be raised up 4 in. or so with fire-bricks, laying them from jamb to jamb of the mantel and right back to the back of the fireplace. This also would help, and is better than iron, for brick gives off most heat and would not spoil the character of the fireplace. I would be pleased to give your correspondent any assistance in my power, and hope this has not come too late.—ANDREW M. BRIDGES.

FIRE IN COUNTRY HOUSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR.—Your correspondent "T." in your issue of August 29th suggests that in the recent roof fire at Erddig Park a rat may have taken a match and left it in a position where the slates (heated by the sun) may have caused it to ignite. This is quite possible; but given the rat and the match (non-safety sort), ignition is possible by the friction of the dry teeth of the rat nibbling the "business end" of the match. I remember in regard to dock, warehouse and ship fires being told by a Danish captain, a friend of thirty years' standing, that rats, and more often mice, are responsible for these otherwise inexplicable fires. He has discovered and, fortunately, extinguished fires in his own ship, and has seen mice nibble at wax matches and set them alight, and, scared by the blaze and fire, leave them burning. If this happened amid the fluffy dust and cobwebs and, perchance, shavings in a roof or lumber room a fire would be the natural result. Among electric cables,



LATE NESTING OF THE BULLFINCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR.—It may interest your correspondent Mr. Hutchinson to hear of a nest of the bullfinch in the Clyde district which, although by no means so late as the one under his notice, is still unusually late. This nest was found on the evening of August 6th, and the parent, being upon the nest at the time, was not disturbed; the young birds must have been hatched by that date, since the last bird flew on August 18th. There were three young birds in the brood. I trust that more instances may be forthcoming to add to our stock of knowledge. I consider that the reason of the very late nesting in England is to be found in the cold of April. In Scotland, April was more favourable for nesting than usual; but the greater cold in England had the effect of retarding all the summer migrants from appearing until the close of that month. No doubt this cold spell gave a check to the nesting in England, which would cause the second broods to be very late. Were no other species observed nesting later than usual?—R. O. HETHERINGTON, Skelmorlie, N.B.

THE TARDY LINNET.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR.—On a golden holly, about 20ft. high and perhaps 200 years old, is (September 9th) a nest of young linnets. We expect them to fly next week. They are in the middle, near the top, and by the way "Jocy," on a neighbouring fir tree, talks to and is answered by the hen when the cat is about, it is plain that everything is all right.—A. J. SCANTLBY, Wilton Lodge, Boxmoor.

BULBS UNDER BEECH TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR.—I should be much obliged if any of your readers will tell me whether crocuses and daffodils can be grown really successfully in the bare ground under beech trees, or whether it is waste of bulbs in the end. The soil under some trees where I thought of trying them is very loose and hollow, and a little coarse grass grows in it.—A. L. T.

[Under the circumstances, we do not advise extensive planting of daffodils and crocuses under the beech trees, as the soil apparently is very poor. Both crocuses and daffodils can be successfully grown in such a position when the soil is comparatively good. The best plan would be to plant a few of each, using bulbs of cheap varieties, and thus ascertain whether the soil and situation are suitable.—ED.]

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A MOLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR.—The following notes may, I venture to think, interest some of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE, and perhaps elicit further facts. To-day (September 2nd) my wife found a mole apparently basking in the sun, but upon its back were several large bottle-green flies busily engaged in laying eggs in its fur. With a small piece of stick she swept these intruders away, and then, by way of experiment, gently tickled the creature, which at once curled up and turned over on its side, evidently enjoying the sensation! Hunting me up, we returned together, and found the animal near the same spot, but engaged apparently in burrowing. Lying down very carefully, so as to get as close as possible, I too tried the tickling experiment, and with similar results. When I ceased it at once resumed its work. I then found it was simply burrowing among the roots of the grass, forcing these aside with its snout and powerful fore legs, apparently searching for

worms, though occasionally it would seize a mouthful of grass and tug vigorously, for what purpose I could not discover. Noting a huge flea in its fur, I seized it by the scruff of the neck, lifted it up and heated it more, which I desired to preserve as museum specimens. Having captured three or four and removed as many of the eggs laid by the flies as I could, I set the poor beast down again, supposing it would scuttle away in a fright. But not a bit of it. It simply resumed its hunting, which, as shallow pits were sometimes dug in the ground, proved hard work, so that a pause for breath had to be made every few minutes. I now sent the keeper's boy, who was with us, for some worms. When these came I laid a large one in its track a few inches from its nose. This was quickly detected, by the continual sniffing and twitching of the snout which accompanied all the creature's movements. Rapidly seizing its prey, the worm was swiftly passed between the feet till the end was found, when it was at once passed to the jaws and soon swallowed. The work of feeding gave me the impression that the animal was ravenously hungry. I was at last called away, and left it still at work above ground. This is the third mole we have caught and handled during the last three weeks. Not knowing the habits of the animal we pounced upon the two first at sight. Probably, had we remained quiet, we should have witnessed what we had to wait till to-day to discover. This most interesting insight into the habits of the mole was obtained, I may say, at Calthorpe Broad, Stalham, Norfolk.—W. P. PYCRAFT.

MIRROR TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—The village of Desborough in Northamptonshire is situated five miles south of Market Harborough. It has in the past yielded various relics of the early inhabitants of its neighbourhood. As long ago as 1757 Anglo-Saxon skeletons with amber and glass beads and bronze brooches were found here. In 1826 a cinerary urn of the Bronze Age was discovered. Since the ironstone has been quarried, other Anglo-Saxon burial-places have come to light. In 1875 the ironstone labourers came upon sixty graves of this age, in one of which was found a necklace of gold beads and pendants, eight of which were set with garnets; in the centre of this necklace was a cross of solid gold. The probable age of this beautiful ornament is between 1,200 and 1,300 years. Lately a graceful little brooch of bronze, pre-Roman in date, some more Bronze Age cinerary urns and Romano-British pottery have been found in workings belonging to the Desborough Co-operative Society, and now quite recently comes another discovery, in close proximity to the spot where the brooch was found. This consists of a bronze mirror in an excellent state of preservation. The illustration shown comprises three varieties of earthenware. The specimen on the left, ornamented with two rows of incised chevrons, belongs to the Bronze Age; the middle one is Saxon, and the remaining three on the right are of Romano-British character. In the illustration of the mirror it is the back which is shown. When the Ancient Britons (prior to the invasion of Julius Caesar) had learned the art of making iron, they made the weapons and implements which formerly they had made of bronze out of this metal; but they retained the use of



bronze for decorative purposes. The remains of the prehistoric Iron Age, or, as it is generally termed, the late Celtic Period, consist, among other articles, of iron swords, daggers, knives, spearheads, billhooks, ploughshares, nails, adzes, axes, gouges, chisels, etc. Their bronze remains are shields, helmets, sword and dagger sheaths, bowls, pins, rings and other articles of personal use. On some of these bronze relics are engraved designs of what antiquaries call late Celtic Art. This is the term given to a peculiar and unusual decoration, either beaten out in repoussé work or engraved on a flat surface. This art consists of peculiar wavy or scroll designs, some of which have been termed trumpet shaped, from their resemblance to some early bronze trumpets found chiefly in Ireland. It often takes the form of a recurring spiral; at other times it is a series of spiral lines starting from a central point, which go off to a similar spiral. The characteristics of this art are much easier to distinguish when one is well acquainted with it than they are to describe in words. No very great age has been claimed for these remains. They are not considered to go further back than about 200 to 300 B.C., and are not later than the close of the first century of our era, when the Roman dominion was firmly established in Britain, and the classical art of Rome had gradually supplanted the native art. Among the remains of this early Iron Period

which have been dug up in our country, none are more interesting than the bronze mirrors; the back or unpolished face of several of these bears a decoration of late Celtic design. They have been found at St. Keverne in Cornwall, at Warden in Bedfordshire, at Mount Batten near Plymouth, on the Cotswolds at Bisham, and there is one in the Mayer collection at Liverpool, which, though purchased in Paris, was considered by the late Sir Wollaston Franks to have probably been found in the Thames. To these can now be added the Desborough specimen, which is in a better state of preservation than any of the others.—T. J. GEORGE, Northampton Museum.



TAME COOTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—I am sending you a photograph which is, I fancy, a record. Coots come on the water here every year and remain to nest, and now and again one will become tame and feed with the ornamental water-fowl. This year a pair arrived early in March, and one soon came out when I fed the ducks in the morning, and after a time would take corn within 4 ft. of me, nearer than any had ever done before. I mentioned this to my man, who said, "I saw it take a piece of bread from the cook's hand"; so Mr. Aplin, who was here, and I went to see; and sure enough, on being called by the cook, it came out of the water and ran over the yard and took the piece off red. There was no hesitation. So I sent for our postmaster's son, Walter Harris, who took the photograph I enclose. I may add he has now post-cards of this very interesting Nature picture. All know this species is very wild, scuttling into the reeds at the slightest sign of man or dog.—J. WHITAKER, Notts.